A MAGAZINE FOR COLUMBIA & SOUTH CAROLINA

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THE COMPLETE GUIDE TO EROTICA!

the Naked News

75¢

VOL. I, NO. 14

HISTORICAL SMUT by D.A. Latimer

HANNAH HUMPE cartoon

LET ME LOVE YOU fiction by Vicki Moss

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Columbia's Ever-Popular Adult Peep Show, page 4

Hubert Humphrey was in Columbia recently, with John West behind him all the way, including in this picture. The story is on page 3.

The case against a volunteer army

by Richard Harpootlian

A program initiated at Fort Jackson as a test of the Army's ability to deliver on President Nixon's pledge to have an all-volunteer Army by 1973 has been ordained by officers as an "unqualified success." Qualifying facts have been brushed aside.

"This program is a success because we knew it would be a success before we ever started," Maj. Marvin B. Cox Jr., public relations officer for the "Army Selection Center," says with a straight gaze.

The Army, racked by anti-war dissension, exposes of massacres, theft and widespread use of drugs, is tired of the troublemaking draftee, Maj. Cox says. "The morale of the volunteers (in the experimental program) is very high. They are in the Army because they want to be here."

But the Army's strongest motivation is President Nixon's insistence that there be an all-volunteer Army by 1973. In a memo about the VOLAR (Volunteer Army) program, Maj. Gen. John Q. Henion of the Recruiting Command Headquarters or-propriety of such an organization is long past. It is the goal of our Commander-in-past. It is the goal of our Commander-in-Chief and the objective to which each of us must remain completely dedicated in word and deed."

Fort Jackson was chosen as the site for a VOLAR program test, perhaps more out of loyalty to the Commander-in-Chief's goals than for the sake of accuracy and fairness. The South is the long-standing record-holder in the percentage of voluntarism while the Northeast is described as having a "significantly lower percentage" of volunteers. The Army, then, chose its most fertile soil to test its new leaf, the "Army Selection Center."

The Center, a dress-blues type of recruiting program complete with finer living quarters, food and treatment than regular recruits ever see, is described in Army public relations and advertising material as an opportunity for draft age men to "try the Army on for size."

Since late February, 100 potential enlistees each week have been brought to the Center to spend four days getting a "first-hand look at the Army." For three days the visitors are tested both mentally and physically; given tours of the fort and shown displays depicting the duties of each branch of the Army.

The results of the potential enlistee's test scores are matched with his job preference to determine if he is qualified for the "Army job" he wants. After testing and counseling on possible jobs, participants in the program are given the choice of enlisting or returning home. Those who go home have incurred no obligation, the Army says, while those who stay are sworn in on the fourth day or can choose the 180-day delayed enlistment plan.

Maj. Cox compares the program to corporate employment "like Sears, for instance, where you invite the potential employe in, test him and match him up with the job he likes and is most qualified to do. The better the employer; the better the employee."

In May, after three months of operation, the program was declared an "unqualified success" by Army officials. Maj. Raymond Brandenburg of the Army's Third District Headquarters in Atlanta said the results of the program have been "extremely good." The news media either cautiously praised the new VOLAR project or fell back on driveling, cliche stories of the "boy, it sure is different from the old days" type.

"We are now getting 81 per cent of the men who come through here to enlist," Maj. Cox brags, "what we can't understand is why we aren't getting the other 19 per cent."

The picture hasn't always been so rosy. At the outset of the program 100 potential enlistees per week were furnished by recruiters from two states, South Carolina and Georgia. The only criteria for selection to come to the Fort Jackson center then were an indication of a genuine interest in joining the Army and the appearance of being in good physical condition. Over 50 per cent of the potential enlistees selected in this manner were found to be mentally or physically unacceptable for military service, according to Maj. Cox and Lt. Col. Robert Davis of Third District Headquarters.

Unofficial sources at Fort Jackson said that less than 20 per cent of the 100 joined the first week and less than 10 enlisted the second week the Center was in operation. A large number of the men who went through the Center those first few weeks were black. How large a percentage is difficult to determine; officials at Third District Headquarters "have no idea."

One Army veteran who was assigned to a company where the first group of potential enlistees toured "this one super-spotless barracks" said he met the visitors and got "the idea that most of them thought the whole thing was a bit silly." Another trainee in the company said one man said he "only came down because the Army would foot living expenses the whole time he was here."

After these less-than-smashing first weeks of operation, major changes were made in the program. Recruitment areas were expanded from the original two states to encompass the entire eight states of the Southeast. Another measure which the VOLAR officers implemented was to have the recruiter administer "preliminary" mental and physical tests to the potential Fort Jackson visitors.

Lt. Col. Davis insisted the physical was physical examination "in the true sense of the word," but he said it was performed by a medical doctor. Davis also said the mental test given by the recruiters to the potential visitor is not the Armed Forces Qualifying Test, but rather an examination only to determine if the man has his basic mental facilities. The colonel admitted the "preliminary mental test," without any further testing, "could be used as the sole basis for qualification or disqualification for service in the Army."

The third restriction placed on the pilot program was the number of blacks allowed to participate. A quota of 15 per cent was set.

Davis justifies the changes, "We were wasting a hell of a lot of money. What we are after is a highly refined job placement center."

That goal has been achieved in terms of the experimental project. The 81 per cent enlistment figure the Army is so proud of should not be a surprise. Basically, the Army takes 100 pre-tested men each week who have shown strong inclinations to join the Army and gets 81 of them to actually enlist with a guaranteed job placement of their choice.

But the program is being fitted into a much larger context. The Army Selection Center is lauded as a model of how the Army can recruit given the right amount of money, facilities and personnel.

According to the Defense Department, Cox said, six centers like the one at Fort Jackson handling 1,000 men a week would produce the 200,000 volunteers per year that the Army says is needed to maintain an adequate level of strength. Cox said construction of the centers is being considered for the five other geographic areas of the country.

The Defense Department's figures of 1,000 men per week from six centers mean that 312,000 men would go through the centers each year. Assuming that about 80 per cent

Continued on page 15

CHEAP SHOTS

'Mooney' pies

First came the Oscars. Then the Grammies, the Tonies, and the Emmies. Recipients on national TV tried their best to be thrilled. Losers tried to look humble.

On June 15, the winners of the "Mooney" were announced by Deadline '72, and nobody seemed to really give a damn.

The "Mooney", one should remember, is presented to those "honest and courageous" members of our society who can best deliver the Richland County District One School Board from the radical leanings of M. Hayes Mizell.

Ten people bravely entered voluntarily into competition for the "Mooney" award. Indeed, the judges were presented with some tough decisions. Some decisions, according to the criteria for the award, weren't that tough.

In the women's heat, Barbara Scott and Irene Neuffer tied for the top award against Barbara Flemming.

Ms. Scott, cited for being a "strong, motivated candidate", and Ms. Neuffer, commended for her portrayal of a "forceful, motivated, talented candidate", hoped the award would spark some interest in their Democratic primary contests.

Ms. Flemming was eliminated from consideration for the award because she has advocated "compulsory human relations workshops." Along with Richard Gergel, a nominee in the men's division, she was chastised for being a "protege of the University of South Carolina Center for Integrated Education," known in some circles as the "desegration center". Ms. Flemming has just graduated from Lower Richland High School, the home of Mooney Player, founder of the awards.

Young Gergel was also denied the award for advocating "maximum student participation in policy and control" of our precious public schools.

E. F. Tolley was the single winner in the men's division with his "involved, dedicated candidate" portrayal. School board chairman Robert L. Scarborough and Columbia Academy appointee Sam E. McGregor received a less-than-honorable recommendation from Deadline '72 because, as incumbents on the board, they have already been subjected "to heavy conflict and subtle conditioning from the radical left which controls the District One education."

An insider at the award presentations suggested that Scarborough and McGregor would have done better had they not already succumbed to the evil influence of radicals on the board. Mizell -- a Rasputin-like radical intent on destroying Southern education -- was the only radical named.

Two other incumbents -- Charles H. Witten and Lincoln C. Jenkins Jr. -- were nixed because of their affiliations with Mizell. They were cited as being responsible "for the present condition of District One."

The final male nominee -- Dr. Robert J. Moore -- was soundly and forever defeated in his bid for the "Mooney" for engaging in a number of radical moves and for allegedly sharing the same philosophy as Mizell.

What made the "Mooney" presentations even more of a gala event was an appearance by Player himself. Several weeks ago, Player backed down as the spokesman for the Deadline '72 group in the face of many charges that he was trying to generate news and publicity for his own personal gains.

Although Player adamantly denies these charges, The State on June 23 stated that the football coach is considering running for a seat on the Richland County Council as a Republican.

Pappy's back

"Pappy" Triche has re-emerged from the blackest bayous of Southern Louisiana to take his old seat in the state's legislature.

Triche had retired from that august body in 1968, ending a 13-year tenure with no plans to run again.

Famous all over the swamps for offering segregationist bills to the legislature and for fighting to preserve a dual school system in the state; Triche spoke before the body on June 18 urging passage of two bills designed to protect racial minorities from employment discrimination.

Triche knows that people will talk so he wanted to explain his change of heart. He admitted that he had championed the segregationist cause while serving as a representative.

"And now we find that we were wrong" was his explanation for the "change" which has come over him. "I didn't want to leave my children with the legacy that their daddy was a bigot and a racist."

Triche is back in Louisiana politics. But this time, he promises fairness and concern for all men.

"Let us join hands with all the people of this state, black and white, regardless of race, creed, or color, for the advancement and betterment of our state and nation," Pappy urged.

Noble words from a noble man.

Auto Co-Op

Tired of inflationary prices for auto repairs?

Labor rates for automotive repairs are usually $8-an-hour in the Columbia area. This rate is based on figures in a "little book" which gives approximate lengths of time needed to make various repairs.

Say your car engine needs rebuilding. This "little book" would say, for instance, that the job would take eight hours. Now, say the mechanic is fast and does the job in seven hours.

Well, according to the rules of the book, the customer would still be billed $80 for labor plus the usual mark-up on any parts he may need.

Three young Columbians are deeply concerned with their fellow auto-owners' plight. Luckily, all three have worked as professional mechanics in the Columbia area.

The three men -- Brian Isaacson, Tucker Clifford, and Gary Schmidt -- have begun a mechanic's co-op, calling it an alternative to already existing businesses of this nature.

According to Isaacson, the co-op's main objective is "to help people encounter their machines, live with them, and learn to tell when they are getting sick."

And these mechanics offer three deals for fixing any damaged or ailing machine.

First, the customer has the option of renting the shop space and tools and doing the work himself. Under this arrangement, the self-made mechanic pays only a usage and breaking fee. If parts are necessary, the co-op can obtain them at wholesale prices and sell them to the customer at no mark-up.

Under the second package deal, a customer can work with the co-op mechanic -- learning how to make substantial repairs on any automobile and saving money at the same time.

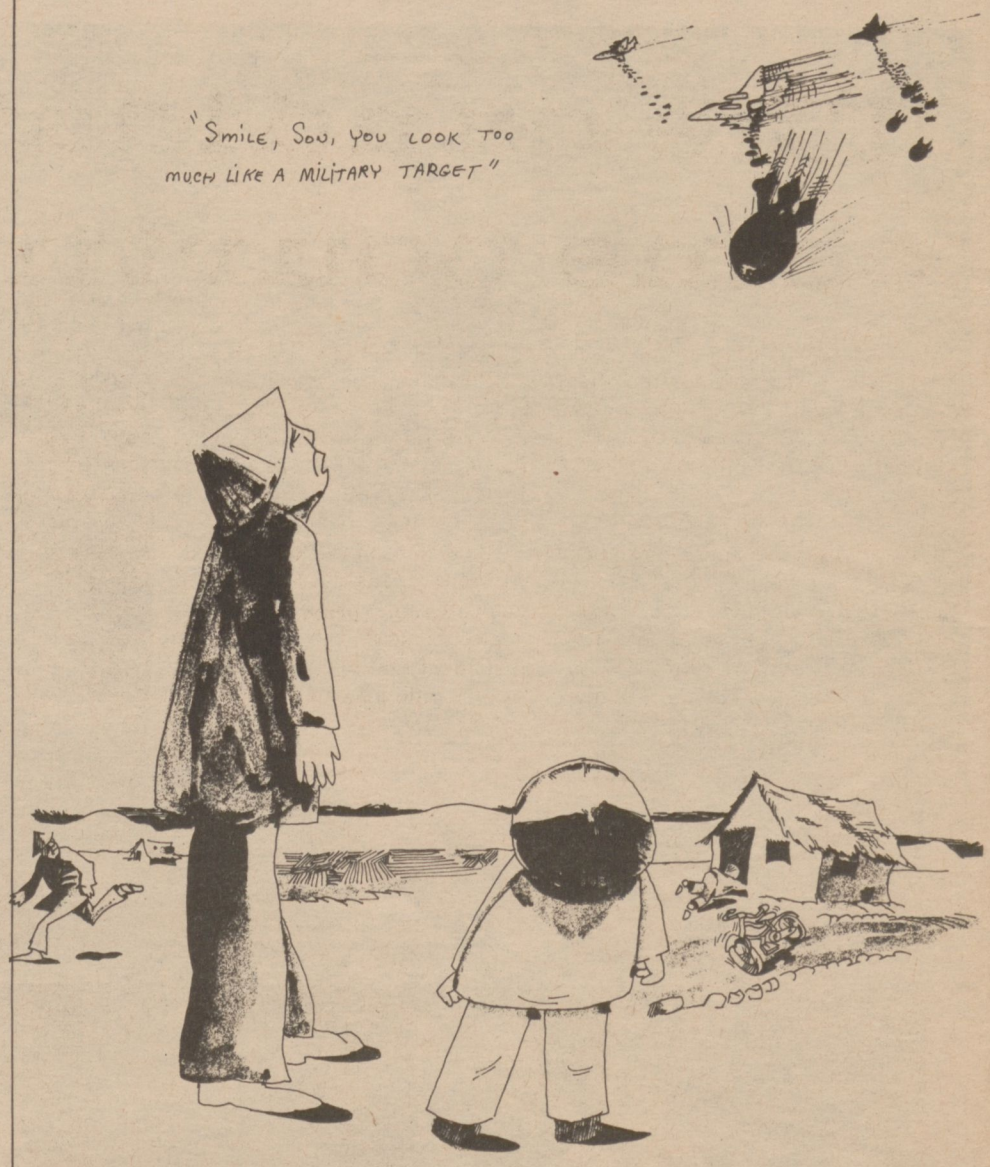
The third offer is the typical mechanic's way of working. If a person has no desire to crawl under his auto -- accompanied or unaccompanied -- co-op mechanics will do all work on the car with a labor fee of $4-an-hour and wholesale prices for any parts.

At present, the co-op repairs -- for the most part -- automobiles only. The mechanics will work on any machine however. A carpenter is also available. Plans for repair classes are also in the works.

The co-op, however, has one major problem. "Right now," said Issaacson, "we're operating out of the trunk of my car and on cement blocks.

"We have been looking for a more permanent location, however", he explained, "but we would need a shop with low overhead so we won't have to raise our prices."

"Right now, we're just wrenching out an existence," Isaacson explained.



News items

Two recent news events in the area left Osceola editors on the floor laughing:

The Savannah River was reopened to fishermen on Saturday, June 24 by the S.C. Board of Health, "although it warned mercury contamination still makes the river's fish unsafe to eat."

The board actually outlawed fishing in August, 1970 when mercury content in fish caught there jumped to an alrming rate. But this June's actions seem a bit hazy.

Health officials did promise another report on the mercury content of the Savannah River in six months.

If the mercury's gone down 50 percent, it won't be against the law to eat any fish caught there.

The other event is gaining a lot of political mileage for Gov. John C. West. Indeed, the governor is using the event to further cultivate his portrait of a Southern Governor as a Concerned Liberal.

Early in the month, West tourned the first indoor bathroom installed with federal and state funds. Under this plan, households without any facilities are being encouraged to [illegible] bathrooms to their houses. West and apparently his entire administration were obviously shaken by census reports concerning the number of South Carolinians who actually had such facilities in their homes.

West, however, goes even further. He wants to make the plan mandatory--insuring every house in the state will be out-fitted by a certain date or else.

But why build modern restroom facilities onto many houses which are--in fact--substandard housing?

The Governor--though his principles are certainly earnest--should learn that no one can make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. Putting a bathroom with clean, running water into every house in this state will do little indeed to better the lot of poor black and white families who are often overcrowded into housing which should embarrass every South Carolinian.

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Senior Editors.....Randal Ashley, Mike Forth, John Norton, Tom Priddy, Mike Smith, and Jim Walser

Photography Editor ..... Charles Denton

Contributors ..... Jerry Griggs, Ginny Manning, Fredrica Green, David Glass, Dale Perry, David Walker, Bob Thompson, Marilyn Walser, Lewis Kirk, Lee Muller, Sam Patterson, Fritz Wagner, Dale Bales, Frank Cantrell, John Brady, Jack Davis.

Graphics ..... James Bryan, Doug Sanders, Tom Dimond, Terry Dimond

Advertising Representative ..... Tom Gear

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The candidates come courtin'

by Randal Ashley

South Carolina Democrats played less than innocent maidens this month as presidential candidates came courtin'.

Hubert Humphrey was first, answering a personal invitation from Gov. John C. West. Humphrey, as everyone surely knows by now, "has a love affair with America" and a voice pitch and mannerisms that alienate every white Southerner who is not involved in the ward-heeling politics that is Humphrey's trademark.

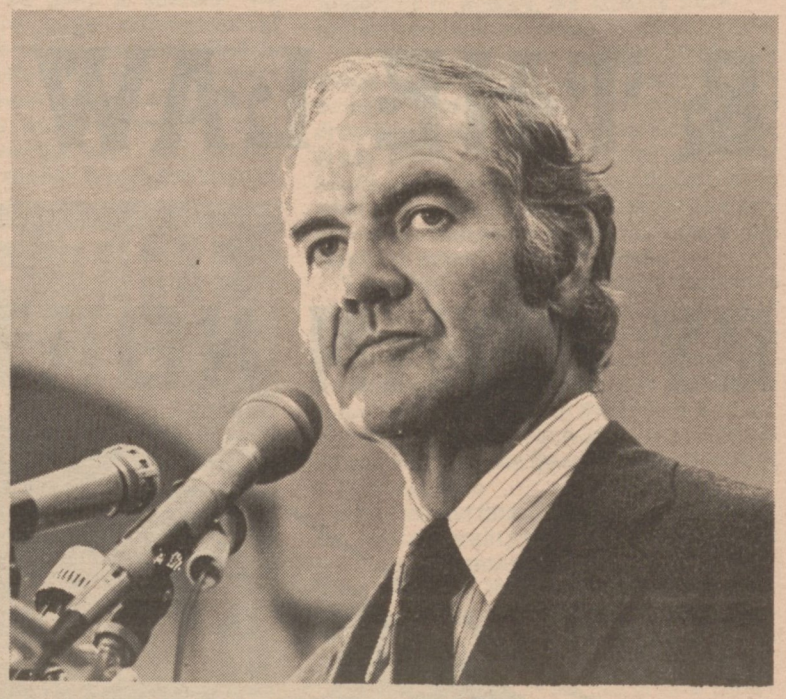
Gov. West is a friend and admirer of Humphrey though he was not anxious to admit it during his own campaign against Albert Watson. But Humphrey has shed his snakeskin of liberalism now and West could announce to the General Assembly that he is becoming "increasingly proud" that he supported Humphrey in '68.

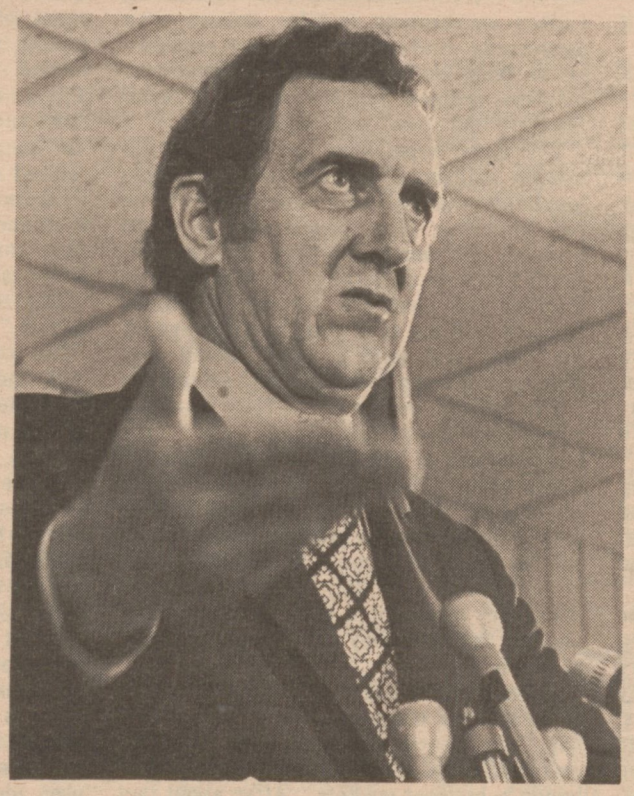
Soaking up the middle ground like a hermaphrodditic sponge, Humphrey bowed to Wallace, slapped McGovern, kissed Southern parts and otherwise sought support of the extablished party leadership to get delegate votes behind him in Miami.

Gov. West could play an important role for Humphrey as head of the Democratic Governors Platform Committee and a "new South liberal" who has successfully courted Wallace. Any possible Humphrey-Wallace move in a stop McGovern effort could hinge on West and other S.C. politicos.

A tailored Southern woman also addressed the legislature, talking about how the busing issue had died since her husband was off the campaign trail. Mrs. Cornelia Wallace, trembling as she spoke, won admiration from legislators who gawked at her personification of the beautiful, long-suffering lady of the South. But 11 delegates are black and it is doubtful that they are "sophistocated enogh"--as one state politico put it--to back Wallace unless West actually can swing some sort of deal at the national convention. South Carolina Democrats long ago co-opted the civil rights leadership in the state and under the right conditions, black delegates might find their pockets filled with sophistication.

The Man from Maine was next. Edmund Muskie addressed delegates and a press conference, more or less confirming the statement that his support "was a mile wide and an inch deep." Muskie got early support from prominent South Carolina politicians and delegates but his withdrawl after the Massachusetts and Pennsylvania disasters left him with few places to warm his feet. Muskie was his old inoffensive self during his visit to South Carolina but his candidacy now is considered about as serious as former N.C. Gov. Terry Sanford's--an outside shot at best.





George McGovern found himself in an unusual position on his visit to South Carolina. Faced with a populace that is daily fed anti-McGovern editorials picturing the South Dakota senator as a ravaging radical, the front-runner came to the legislature maintaining his policies but going out of his way to avoid offending state party leadership.

Gary Hart, one of McGovern's top three, had been to town a week earlier speaking to delegates and playing eye games with former Gov. Robert E. McNair as he fielded questions palnted by McNair and state Democratic Party chief Don Fowler. Typically, the questions touched little on issues; the vice presidency and cabinet positions were the order of the day. Hart, who had described the McGovern campaign as Traditional Politics with a Vengenance, reeled off some Southern names but McNair's and West's were not among them.

Hart stood before the samll group of delegates that attended with a Yale smile and the front of his coat split by a wide belt buckle--just the right amount of front-runner audacity. Hart also managed a brief conversation with two of the South Carolina legislators who endorsed McGovern the day before the senator arrived in the state.

McGovern's tactics have changed since he became the front-runner. In Carolina, he was seeking delegate votes, which means treading lightly on establishment toes. He roundly damned Nixon's "Southern strategy" as "devisive," an insult to the South and an appeal to the worst instincts of the people. He stuck by his guns on proposals and called on the South to rid itself of "the old stereotypes and illusions."

"I believe," McGovern told the legislators, "that the guiding impulse for . . . change can come from the South as much as from anywhere else in this nation."

McGovern's address was interrupted five times by appluase from the galleries but none of it came when he praised West and other Southern governors. The crowd was young and the applause came on statements like "it is not radical to insist that the people rather than the bosses should make political decisions."

Most of the liberals in South Carolina who have supported McGovern found themselves out in the cold when the senator came to town. Many were agrieved by advance men who were anxious not to offend the men who control delegate votes.

The 2,000 who stood in the rain to hear McGovern at his rally on the state house steps felt a sense of betrayal--and hissed-- at hearing "their candidate" placating Southern officialdom but the issues were there.

"We should never again try to bail out an unpopular dictatorship 10,000 miles from our shores." Tax reform, reduction of the military budget and open government were loudly applauded by the soaked crowd.

South Carolina political figres were "impressed" wtih McGovern's honesty and probably slightly shocked to hear the calm, straightforward voice of the man they always hear described as a radical. Delegate votes are another thing. Mary Demettrious, an alternate to the convention and a McGovern supporter, says at least 11 of the 32-person delegation supports the South-Dakota senator but all have taken pains to remain "uncommitted." The votes will likely depend on the state party leadership. Though other delegates at other conventions past have announced that they supported a different candidate than those bearing blessings of the state party bosses, the South Carolina delegation somehow has always voted one way--with the leadership.

THE ADULT PEEP SHOW & THE LAW

BY JOHN NORTON

Jill opened her (blip), felt the (blip) dart inside, met it with her (blip). So strange. The (blips) squeezed her (blips). The (blip blip) moved against her (blip), and Jill found herself (bippily blipped). She pushed her (blip) against the warm (blip) and returned the (blip bilpply).

The (blips) moved among her (blips), (blips) trailing lightly, and then the moist (blips) were on her (blip blip). She (blipped) as her erect (blip) was drawn into the hot (blip), the (blip blip) dancing little (blips) around and around. Then Betty was (blipping) the (blip blip) to the right (blim).

"I'm on (blip)," Jill whispered.

Betty raised her (blip). "I'll (blip) the (blip out, honey!"

Childs v. State of Oregon, 401 U.S. 1006 (1971) (Blips added)

Remember pornography?

Remember junior high school when some kid would whisper you into a corner and reveal a blurry photo of half-understood device, smirking as you looked on in utter amazement? Louie used to go to a little grocery store across the street from the black high school and make under-the-counter purchases of dirty Dennis The Menace and Popeye The Sailor comic books--eight crudely drawn pages for a dollar, featuring Dennis and Margaret, and Wimpy and Olive Oyl, performing unspeakable acts on boats and tricycles--favorite comic book characters reduced to obscenity. We read them incessantly.

That was early 60's. Back then, kids and adults alike bought such mindless pornography from under someone's counter--maybe the local bootlegger carried a few as a sideline; maybe the corner newsstand had a secret drawer for such unmentionables. But wherever they were found, the comics, films, and picture magazines were kept out of sight, and purchasing such items filled the buyer with the familar clandestine delight which comes from procuring something illegal or exotic..

Being a pubescent youth myself back then, I can't really describe the kicks adults got from such purchases, but for kids--most of whom never actually bought them, but simply shared some dogearred copy which drifted down from an unknown source--they were sources of sex education unmatched by parents, church or school. The picture magazines, pornographic novels, still photos from the mysterious East, and 8mm movies like "Blonde in a Bonnet," or "A Woman and Her Dog," had more influence on the conceptions--or misconceptions--of teenagers then than a dozen copies of "Dr. Somebody's "What Teenagers Want To Know."

The situation hasn't changed much for kids--for while they're more enlightened perhaps than they were ten years ago, most parents are still afraid to talk about IT. And kids are as interested in IT as ever.

For metropolitan adults, however, the situation has altered drastically--depending on your point of view. While their country relatives with a penchant for pornography may still lurk about seeking such materials, adults in many cities have only to drive to the nearest adult book store and or peep show to satisfy their most unusual desires.

The seventies have seen in the rise in the nation's metropolitan areas of what is often referred to in Denmark as "the sex shop"--an erotic marketplace where consenting adults may purchase a wide variety of sexual stimulants and marital aids.

Columbia is no exception. The city's residents--straight-laced and pure as the majority may be--provide enough business to keep not one, but two such shops operating on a comfortable profit base.

"We have one of the most successful stores in the country," explained Bill Roberts, manger of the Assembly St. Book Mart & Adult Peep Show--which, along with the recently-opened Devine Street book mart, seves that portion of the community interested in adult materials. "We have one of the best stores because we're in a socially-oppressed area.

"In 20 years," he said, "couples, whether married or not, will go to stores like this to get marital-type aids and stimulants, just like they go to a shoe store now to buy shoes."

Couples already interested in such material don't really have to wait 20 years. For while the Assembly St. Book Mart may not be the "compleat sex shop" of Denmark, it is difficult to conceive of any items which have been left out.

(WARNING: IF THE EXPLANATION OF EXPLICIT SEXUAL MATERIAL OFFENDS YOU, DO NOT READ THIS PARAGRAPH) (BLIP)

The shop is a clean, well-lighted place replete with carpet and air-conditioning. In the rear and to the right is a room containing the adult peep show machines, each with its own private booth and half curtain. For a quarter, a patron can view about one-eighth of a relatively mild skin flic. "They don't show penetration," Roberts told me--for about $2 you can discover this for yourself.

Outside in the main portion of the shop, the browser finds a complete array of printed matter--thousands of books dealing with various sexual interests, i.e. bondage, homosexuality, lesbianism, and good, old-fashioned stories about boys and girls. The books range from very educated to poor reading material, some are wrapped in cellophane, while others are open for inspection. One wall is covered by hundreds of what the Supreme Court calls "girlie magazines", all wrapped in cellophane (to keep down loitering) and ranging in price to $10. Several display racks contain sex tabloids like "Screw" and "Ball and Chain" which have slowly risen in popularity in the wake of the underground political magazines which flourished in the 60's.

In addition to the printed matter, the store features tables and glass display cases full of what such stores generally describe as "novelty items." These include 8mm films, 8-track tapes, packets of still photos, scenic playing cards, provocative zodiac patches, unusual rings, and dozens of other items.

Dozens of what other items? Store clerks are not allowed to explain the function of some of the novelties for fear they will be charged with pandering. But the objects appear to be those novelties with names which either have no meaning to most people or kept hidden away in a secret place beyond utterance. Names like dildoes, dog collars, mushrooms, missles, daisies--even gamecocks. And others with more explicit--or at least self-explanatory-designations: artificial vaginas, tongue extenders, French ticklers, vibrators...but enough.

The store, even when crowded, has the deathly stillness of a public library. People ignore one another; everyone appears to be just browsing. Most people stay 20 or 30 minutes and about one-third of them actually purchase something. Local policemen walking the beat are frequent visitors--Roberts said the beat cops keep an eye on the place and lend a hand should any problems develop -- though they seldom do

The typical customer? "They run the complete spectrum from the city businessman to the city drunk," Roberts explained. "We get lawyers, bank presidents, businessmen on their lunch breaks--many times a group of businessmen out for lunch will come in together, look around, point a lot and laugh it up. After dark, they often come back by themselves and buy the item they were laughing about at lunch."

Roberts told of one man who used to come in wearing a disguise--trench coat, straw hat, fake beard and mustache, with an upturned collar, hunched shoulders and his hands in his coat pockets. "After about two months, I just couldn't resist any longer," Roberts laughed. "I asked him if he had any identification."

Roberts himself defies the typical stereotype of the peddlar of pornography--the beady-eyed, overweight, pink-skinned pervert in rumpled clothes, rubbing his hands together and leering salatiously.

The 22-year old Roberts is married, lives in a suburban home, and was one semester away from a degree in marketing at USC when he dropped out to take over management of the store.

While he readily admits that his merchandise is specialized in nature--"We don't want to solicit business from people who find the material we sell objectionable"--he insists the store he manages is "simply a business like any other business, subject to the multitude of problems every merchant has, and to the laws of supply and demand."

"The store is incorporated; it has a president, board of directors, and shareholders like most corporations. We deal in the same merchandising problems as Belk of Columbia, except we get all the extra benefits of local pressure."

"For instance, we have a large shoplifting problem, but it is difficult for us to prosecute shoplifters because the courts are reluctant to decide in our favor. But I pick up my paycheck every week like everybody else, and I feel my business is legitimate."

The legitimacy of the Assembly Street Book Mart has been a subject of continuing interest to Columbia's vice squad, and particularly to Circuit Solicitor John Foard who is attempting to have the book mart closed as a public nuisance.

Foard's distaste for the establishment, whether prompted by personal considerations or public pressures, is well-known.

"The place is definitely obscene," Foard told a USC Gamecock reporter recently. "These books don't just show pretty naked women. They deal with extreme situations and homosexuality. If this is not obscene, then I don't know what is."

The legal hassles surrounding the Assembly Street Book Mart and Adult Peep Show shortly after it opened, when its first operator, Gerald Matheny, was hauled into court and charged with obscenity. During the year that followed, Matheny was arrested several times, and finally went to trial in September, 1971. Matheny was convicted on two counts under South Carolina's obscenity statutes--one of knowingly possessing obscene matter for the purpose of sale, and the other for displaying and aiding in the circulation of "certain obscene, indecent and improper magazines and posters."

During his trial, and following his conviction, Matheny's attorneys made a number of motions, including objections to the indictment itself, and to the evidence allowed in the trial. Conceding that many of the issues surrounding the trial were quite complex, the court sentenced Matheny to a year in prison and a $1000 fine, but withheld execution of the sentence until S.C. Circuit Judge Wade Weatherford could rule on the objections.

On May 22 of this year, Weatherford upheld Matheny's conviction of the first count of knowlingly possessing obscene matter but dismissed the conviction on the second count of unlawfully displaying and aiding in the circulation (pandering) of the materials. The case is currently on appeal to the South Carolina Supreme Court. (See related story in this issue.)

On June 5, a court order was issued by the Richland County Court requiring Mathey to show cause why his business should not be temporarily closed as a public nuisance "until the matter can be heard on its merits."

The web of legal entanglements surrounding the adult book store is difficult to separate. Matheny, who left Columbia almost nine months ago and now resides in Florida, insists he is no longer connected with the Columbia store. Yet all newspaper stories and presumably all court documents refer to him as the operator of the Assembly Street Book Mart--which Bill Roberts now operates.

The Book Mart's exact business ties are difficult to pin down--Roberts, Matheny, and the store's attorneys hedge when the question is put to them. They state that the store is a corporation, complete within itself, and has no more relationship with, for instance, the new store on Devine (which uses identical business cards), than one Belks store might have with another. Apparently, the stores are established as separate corporations and are loosely connected by an Eastern seaboard (or possibly national) publishing company or news agency which supplies most of the merchandise contained within the stores. Whether or not the various corporations have interlocking boards and officers is not known.

But regardless of who owns and operates the facility on Assembly Street, the legal entanglements continue. Following the public nuisance charge, attorneys for the store went before U.S. District Judge Robert

"...We already have regulations..."

Continued

Hemphill requesting that the case be moved to federal court. They based their request on the grounds that the case could not receive a fair hearing in county court, claiming that Solicitor Foard had made inflammatory statements regarding the case, and citing the controversial UFO Coffeehouse case in 1970, when Foard had the anti-war facility closed down as a public nuisance--an action which was later overturned in federal court.

Hemphill, however, refused to permit the move.

Attorneys for the Book Mart then filed a request June 21 in federal court, asking that a three-judge federal panel be appointed to determine the constitutionality of South Carolina's obscenity and public nuisance laws. On the same day, the attorneys filed a complaint in Richland County Court asking that Foard's public nuisance charge be dismissed and that law enforcement officers be enjoined from entering the Book Mart and arresting its personnel. Both requests are still pending at the time of this writing.

What does it all mean? After a period of negotiation, the editors of Osceola obtained an interview with Gerald Matheny, a principal figure who has thus far refused to speak with the press and whose whereabouts have remained unknown to all but the court. In the Atlanta offices of the Book Mart's attorneys, Matheny and his lawyer, D. Freeman Hutton, discussed some of the issues surrounding the controversy.

Much like Bill Roberts, Gerald Matheny is the antithesis of the stereotyped porno dealer. The 24-year old Matheny has a degree in English and professional writing from "a respected Southern university;" his hair and beard are long and neatly trimmed. He explains his move to Florida as "a promotion", but admits that local pressures following his trial were fairly intense--threatening phone calls, vindicative letters, etc.

Matheny expressed views concerning the adult book business which were similar in many ways to the viewpoints of Bill Roberts, who now operates the store.

In the portion of the interview which follows, both Matheny and Hutton expressed the feeling that the Book Mart has been singled out for prosecution, while other stores in town remain untouched. Their views offer a definite contrast with those of Citizens For Decent Literature chairman Tom Chandler, whose comments appear elsewhere in this issue of Osceola:

(Portions have been omitted due to space limitations.)

OS: I'm sure there are many things you would like to say which you cannot say because the obscenity conviction is still on appeal.

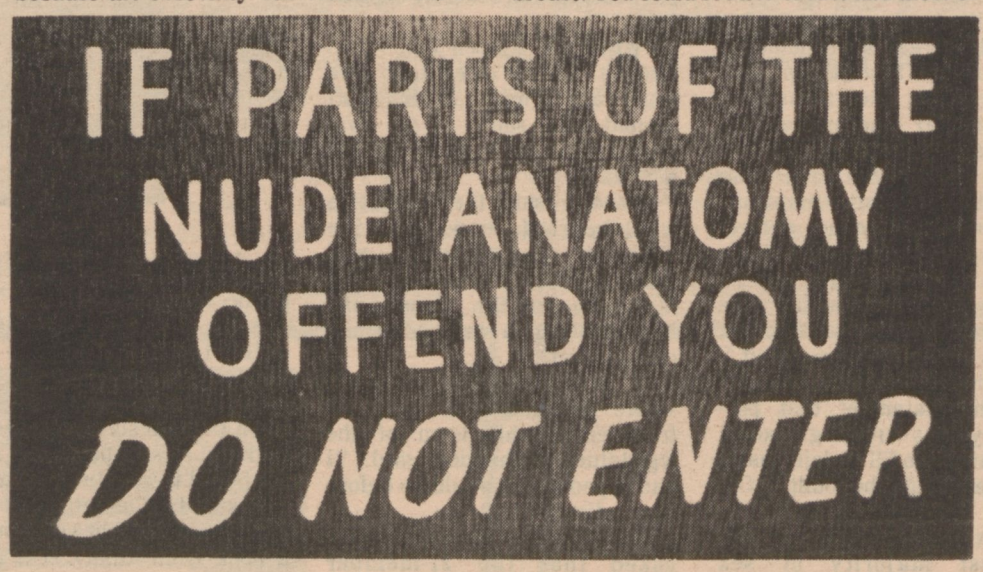
HUTTON: That's right.

OS: Let's try a few questions. Gerald, at the time you were running the store, did you carry anything which, under the Supreme Court definition of pornography, as you understand it, would be considered obscene?

GM: No.

OS: Does the store carry such itmes now?

HUTTON: No (Explains the three-point test for obscenity.) Let me say this. The Constitution protects the advocacy of all sorts of unpopular positions. In a large number of cases, materials which have been found to be very explicit have been found to be educational in nature and therefore protected...The court has said many times that sex is not synonymous with obscenity. We certainly don't have any of our clients selling anything we think is obscene. We realize there are large differences of opinion, but some of the materialscited in the first case are materials that...they were posters...one of them was a poster that showed a female who was wearing only some kind of covering over part of her breast. You could see her breast and most of her pubic area, also. Well, that's nothing but the depiction of the female form, which you see every month in Playboy. The Supreme Court has said many times that the mere depiction of the female form is not obscene.



OS: But certainly some of the materials sold in these stores goes further than the depiction of the female form.

HUTTON: But the Supreme Court seems to be applying a test that means you've got to actually sell sexual intercourse, without any pretense of artistic value and, we think, any kind of value to it at all.

OS: Members of the public often show a great deal of concern about the dessemination of obscene or adult materials to minors. What about this? Can't this material get into the hands of minors?GM:

GM: There are laws in most states regulating the sale of sexually-oriented materials to minors, we already have regulations, and we abide by them.

HUTTON: There are a large number of things which are not legally dispensable to minors. Cigarettes, for one--prescription drugs for another--or even non-prescription drugs which are sold over the counter to adults all day long without any thought as tc what controls this person is going to exercise to see that these things don't get in the hands of minors or other people.

If an adult comes in and buys a magazine and exposes his children to it, then I think that would be a matter for the authorities so far as it corrupts the morals of a minor...if they thought that's what it did. But ask a retail seller of books to guarantee that a person who buys them with a legal right to do so doesn't expose them to someone else is a little extreme.

GM: Tell me this, how many guardians of the public morality do you find at cigarette vending machines? They are simply singling us out. Members of the community find our business offesnive to them personally and they try to force their opinions on other people.

OS: Have minors ever been in your store?

GM: No.

HUTTON: The stores, as you know, have nothing visible from the exterior, and most stores carry signs warning people of explicit sexual material inside.

GM: It would be virtually impossible for someone to stumble in. These efforts (to control who comes into the store) are made and are continuing to be made. I think you'll find that most of the people in the adult book business dealing with the public try very hard to uphold the laws so far as age requirements and so forth go.

I know this is a standard question, but what were your customers like when you

Continued on page 6

South Carolina's laws stand on shaky legal ground

The appeal of Gerald Matheny's obscenity conviction to the state supreme court, and his subsequent challenge to the state's obscenity laws in federal court bring up certain questions concerning the constitutionality of the state's statutes relating to the distribution and sale of erotic materials.

Several of the persons interviewed for this article, particularly those who take a strong stand against pornography, have expressed the wish that the Supreme Court take a clear and definite stand on the issue of pornography. Just recently, the nation's highest court indicated it would review several cases relating to the issues of pornography and obscenity during its next term in the fall. But the court has already rendered numerous decisions on these issues -- one of the most significant was the 1967 case of Redrup v. New York, which has been cited by the Court frequently since then and has become a landmark case in the area of pornography.

Prior to the Redrup decision, the question of whether or not erotic material was in fact obscene was decided along the lines of the famous Roth decision & the 1966 Memoirs v. Massachusetts decision, which put forth a three-part test for determining obscenity: (1) That the dominant theme of the material taken as a whole appeals to a prurient (morbid) interest in sex; (2) That the material is patently offensive because it confronts contemporary community standards relating to the description or representation of sexual matters, and (3) That the material is utterly without redeeming social value.

Following the Memoirs decision, confusion abounded among jurists and laymen as to what was meant by "contemporary community standards," "prurient interests," and "redeeming social value." In case after case, the Supreme Court overturned decisions of the lower courts in cases where the materials in question appeared to the lower courts to be the most hard core of pornography. The frustration of the lower court judges became apparent as their decisions began to contain remarks like, "If this material is not obscene, then the word 'obscenity' has ro meaning."

For many, the case of Redrup v. New York further confused matters. In the original decision, the Supreme Court found that two books, Lust Pool and Shame Agent, were not obscene as a matter of law. In later decisions, the Court expanded the Redrup decision to include not only books, but magazines, still photos, and movies. In Redrup, the Court indicated three points which might be roughly stated in this manner: (1) The materials must be dessiminated in a controlled environment so that they are not foisted on people who do not choose to purchase or observe them; (2) that they are not dessiminated to minors, and (3) that the materials are not "pandered," i.e., that dealers in such materials do not promote these materials to potential customers.

South Carolina's present obscenity law, which was drafted and introduced by the Richland County delegation in 1965, appears to be quite explicit:

"It shall be unlawful for any person knowingly to send or cause to be sent, or to bring or cause to be brought into South Carolina for sale or distribution, or to prepare, publish, print, exhibit, distribute, or to offer to distribute in the State, or to have in his possession with intent to distribute, or to exhibit or to offer to distribute, any obscene matter."

The law defines obscenity along lines established by the Supreme Court at the time the law was passed: "'Obscene' means that to the average person, applying contemporary community standards, the predominant appeal of the matter, taken as a whole, is to prurient interest among which is a shameful or morbid interest in nuding, sex, or excretion, and which goes substantially beyond the customary limits of candor in description or representation of such matters."

During a meeting between the Richland County delegation and the Citizens For Decent Literature and Entertainment in May, Rep. Travis Medlock, who did the primary work on the legislation, told the Citizens' representatives that "the law is considered among the most successful in the nation and has resulted in some 40 convictions since its passage." Medlock said the law had withstood a three-judge federal panel and a test in the State Supreme Court.

It may seem pointless, then, for Matheny's attorneys to again challenge the law in federal court. But Rep. Medlock failed to point out to the Citizens that a conviction under the S. C. obscenity statute was overturned by the Supreme Court in October of 1971, just nine months ago.

In the case termed Burgin v. South Carolina, the South Carolina Supreme Court held that three girlie" magazines displaying female genitalia were "... a degrading, disgusting exploitation containing no pretense of artistic value. They cannot be permitted in a society which hopes to retain any semblance of constitutional and moral stability. The dessimination of this smut, which is utterly without redeeming social value, cannot be placed beyond the reach of the law... Applying contemporary community standards, we find beyond a reasonable doubt, the dominant theme of the magazines taken as a whole appeals to the prurient interests and are patently offensive and obscene in the constitutional sense."

The S. C. Supreme Court was obviously applying the guidelines of the S. C. obscenity statute. Yet on appeal, the United States Supreme Court reversed Burgin's conviction, basing its reversal on arguments presented in briefs predicated on Redrup v. New York.

In the case of Gerald Matheny, any predictions as to its eventual outcome would be premature. But Matheny's attorneys have indicated that should they receive an unfavorable decision in the state supreme court, they will continue the appeal -- and for what it's worth, Matheny's attorneys represented Burgin before the U. S. Supreme Court.

In his recent order relating to Matheny's conviction in general sessions court, Judge Wade Weatherford himself conceded that "...under the Redrup decision of the United States Supreme Court, if it is now the law of the land, this conviction would have to be set aside." Weatherford, of course, upheld Matheny's conviction, stating that "The Redrup decision may have demolished the South Carolina statute, but no court has said so in understandable terms, and until this issue is clarified, this Court is bound by the statute which is presumptively valid."

Obviously, the South Carolina obscenity laws, as they are now written, stand on shaky legal grounds. But with the U. S. Supreme Court's promise to review several obscenity cases this winter, given the new, more conservative composition of the Court, anything can happen -- and probably will.

Public & Porno

Obviously, the question of what is obscene does not stop at the exit sign of the Assembly Street Book Mart. Theatres, newsstands and book stores throughout the city have loosened their restrictions on the sale of sexually explicit materials over the past 10 years. And as movies, books and magazines become more and more explicit, certain citizens in the community become more vocal in their opposition to such materials.

No doubt such citizens are causing the phones of law enforcement personnel to "ring off the hook," as Solicitor John Foard described the situation. But just how many citizens are calling? How many citizens consider the increasing liberalization of sexual attitudes as a serious social problem? Surprising though it may seem, in a recent national survey carried out by the U. S. Commission on Obscenity and Pornography, only 2 per cent of the persons interviewed ranked the distribution of erotic materials as one of the two or three most serious problems facing the country today.

That is not to say, of course, that the majority of citizens feel erotic materials have a place in society. Such attitudes are difficult to determine -- as with the issue of liquor, where many people in South Carolina "drink wet and vote dry," even those people who favor the controlled distribution of erotic materials are often reluctant to express their true feelings in public or even to public opinion surveyors.

The opposition, however, seldom suffers from a dearth of spokesmen who will publically oppose the spread of pornography, in whatever form and under whatever controlled circumstances.

One such citizen is Tom Chandler, sales manager for Columbia's WOLO-TV and current chairman of the Richland County Citizens For Decent Literature and Entertainment, a quasi-governmental body established in the '50's to -- in Chandler's words, "...study the situation, and call it to the attention of the public ... and to work with the law and the courts."

Chandler, a middle-aged father of three, feels as many parents do that the country is going through a period of moral decay, although he believes that "most people are still morally good." Like others of similiar persuasion, Chandler compares the moral situation in the United States with that of other nations in other times: "When the morals of the community, state and nation begin to decay, then the society is in trouble. Go back in history and you can just check all the great empires that have crumbled due to a moral decay."

In a recent interview with Osceola, Chandler also expressed his personal belief that the availability of pornographic materials increases the incidence of sex crimes, a statement that conflicts with the admittedly controversial findings of the Commission, which could find no definite link between the availability of erotic materials and crimes of a sexual nature. But despite the Commission's findings, many people in the community feel as Chandler does that pornography does lead to sex crimes. "Before he died," Chandler said, "J. Edgar Hoover made the statement that pornography was creating enough sex criminals to fill up jails faster than they could be built." Obviously, however, even if Mr. Hoover's statement is correct, the vast majority of sex criminals are not apprehended, for the FBI's own crime indexes show that sex crimes accounted for less than two per cent of national crime rate in 1971.

No one seems to know where the other sex criminals are hiding, but Chandler and his committee appear determined to do everything in their power to reduce the availability of erotic materials which may or may not inflame criminal desires.

During their fifteen years of existence, the Citizens for Decent Literature and Entertainment have made themselves authorities of a sort in the area of pornography, sending speakers into the community, making statements to legislative bodies and the press, and reviewing hundreds of movies, publications, and outlets over the years in order to better assess the situation. Chandler and Dr. E. R. Van DeGrift, another long-time activist on the committee, even testified at the Gerald Matheny trial as expert witnesses on pornography -- a situation which Matheny's attorneys challenged vigorously.

In May of this year, the Citizens appeared to be on the verge of disbanding. Chandler and Van DeGrift went before the Richland County legislative delegation with the message that the Citizens had done what they had set out to do -- inform the public -- and now felt their usefulness had ended.

The committee representatives told the legislators that a stronger body was needed to establish a statewide study of possible solutions "to the increasing availability of obscene publications and sexually explicit films."

"When we started out," Van DeGrift told the delegation, "we could take samples of this stuff around and show it to civic groups. We can't even do that anymore."

Chandler said the delegation wholehearted endorsed the Citizens' suggestions and promised to present a joint resolution to the House and Senate to form a statewide study commission.

"I have not seen or heard where anything has been introduced in this term of the legislature," Chandler said. "I had hoped that it would be before they adjourned."

Chandler said the delegation asked that the 21-member Citizens For Decent Literature Committee remain together and continue their work. "And we will do so as long as they feel we are needed," Chandler added.

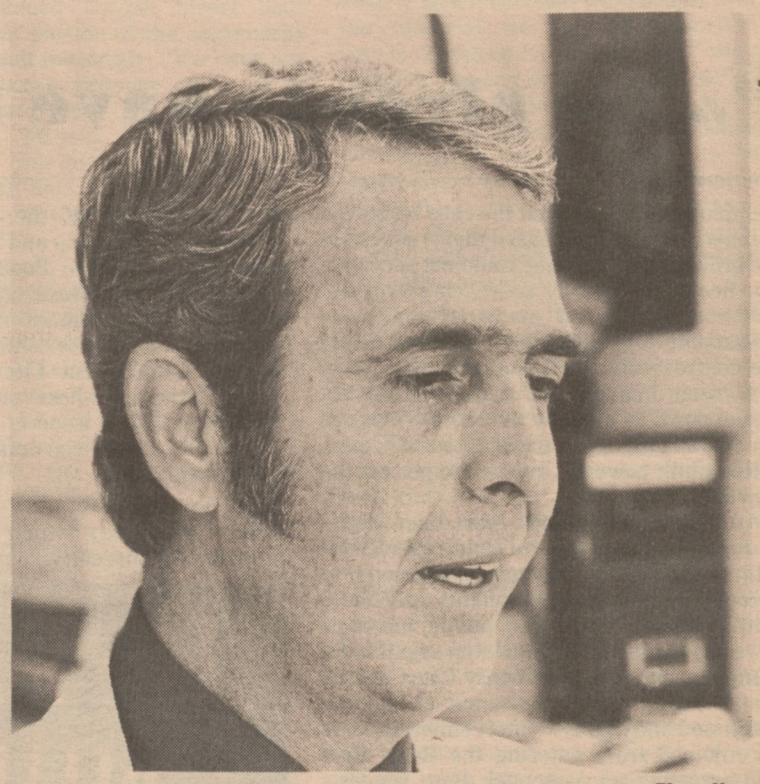
Portions of the interview with Chandler are excerpted here.

OS: How would you describe the conditions in Columbia relating to the dessemination of indecent literature?

CHANDLER: I would describe the conditions here very much the same as they are in most metropolitan areas. Which to me is a rather deplorable situation. I'd like to say first of all that I'm not a prude, but I do think that we have to have, in a city that is growing and bursting at the seams as Columbia is, I do think we have to have a moral climate here that is conducive to the people that are moving into the area -- and hundreds are moving in every week -- conducive for them to raise their families.

OS: How did you become involved with the Citizens' committee?

CHANDLER: I became interested in the situation back in 1957. This was the first time that I even knew that the pornography as we know it today in printed



Chandler

form existed publically -- for public sale. Now I knew there was an underground movement of this type of material -- there has been for a long time -- this sort of stuff came into my hands when I was in school, but I didn't realize it existed publically until I happened to go in and frequent a newsstand in Columbia one day. I could have brought you a copy of a book from (that) era, and it would have been real decent compared to the type of literature -- so-called literature -- we have today.

I went home and started thinking. I'd been working with young people in my church for a long time, and I was interested not only in my own children but in youth, period. This thing started preying on my mind -- why do we allow this to go on at our public newstands? So I took off and went to talk with our mayor who was then Lester Bates. He told me of the committee ... and asked if I would be willing to work on behalf of it. I said certainly I would.

I try to, I guess, keep the fact that I'm a Christian always in the present, but I try to keep it in the background because I don't want people to point a finger and say he's a religious nut, or he's a religious fanatic.

OS: What are your thoughts on current laws and restrictions on the sale of explicit sexual materials?

CHANDLER: We have such an inundation on the mass public of pornography, as I call it, in all areas of life that I just think we're going to have to have more strict interpretations. Now these people holler about the First Amendment protecting them; well, the same amendment that protects them, protects me.

...I think the Supreme Court needs to come out and take a firm line and to define for the states and local governments what it considers to be pornography. I think where we're going to have to stop this thing so far as (pornography) getting into our youngsters' hands is we're going to have to have some real strict law enforcement of hard core pornography. And I just believe that that's the only solution. Now some people can say I'm narrow-minded; they may call me prudish; they may call me a lot of things, but I still believe that this is wrong.

OS: The distributors of this sexually-explicit material claim that much of it is educational in nature. How do you feel about that?

CHANDLER: This is the approach that people are using -- that this is education. O. k., if this is education, then to my way of thinking it is education in what we term today as free sex, or is education ... into enjoying what I term, and what most people in the community consider to be perversion.

...I don't think its doing a thing in the world but usurping the moral fiber of our community. It cannot help. It is not educational in any form other than to instruct in liberal forms of love, and in liberal forms of perversion. This is all in the world it can do, and I

Continued on page 12

'I have no intention of accepting a guilty verdict...'

Continued

ran the store?

GM: The Assembly Street Book Mart, has, as is the case of most similar stores, an average customer who is a middle-aged white male blue collar worker--and often white-collar worker--who often expresses verbally to you that he's been wanting this type of material and doesn't understand why it hasn't been available. At the same time, he asks you to take steps to assure that no one on the streets will know what type of material he is carrying.

OS: Did you detect a double-standard in Columbia regarding adult materials?

GM: Yes, definitely.

OS: How do you view the adult book store business?

GM: Of course, this is a business just like any other business that deals with the public. There's a basic law of supply and demand, and if you don't have what the public wants, then you won't remain in business very long. You have to pay insurance, pay salaries--the general upkeep the business would prevent you from continuing if you did not cater to the public--or if the public had no desire to buy what you were selling.

Now do I feel it's wrong: obviously not.

(Osceola discussed with Matheny and Hutton the question of other establishments in Columbia which sell adult-type materials as well as other general interest publications. Both pointed out that such stores generally do not separate the adult materials from the other publications, often simply using a sign which says "For Adults Only." Both also expressed the opinion that such stores were more likely places for minors and offended adults to be exposed to erotic materials.

Solicitor John Foard was unavailable for comment on the question of ~~why~~ such stores have not also been declared "public nuisances" by the courts. One newsstand operator expressed the opinion to an Osceola editor that the materials contained in his store were not pornographic, and added that should such materials have to be removed from the store, "we'd simply go out of business.")

OS: What about other newsstands?

HUTTON: If a woman goes into a newsstand looking for a copy of Good Housekeeping, and she finds bare breasts and bare bodies in front of her face--and this happens very regularly--that is the kind of offensive intrusiveness the Supreme Court has talked about in their decisions in this area.

This is the reason the dealers of adult materials have taken the precautions they have--keeping the minors out and keeping the material from those people who do not wish to see it--to avoid just that kind of offensive intrusiveness. I think the shock of seeing something you don't want to see is a legitimate interest.

OS: Gerald, if you lose at the Supreme Court level, will you continue appealing?

GM: Certainly. We don't feel that we have vilated any laws. I have no intention of accepting a guilty verdict.

HUTTON? There are a lot of other issues in this area other than obscenity. There are (the questions of) what is meant by the relevant community, for instance. Now, Mr. Foard and other prosecutors have taken the position that in judging the contemporary community standards, you're talking about the local community, and whether by that they mean Columbia or the state of South Carolina is not always clear. But our position is that it is the national community, because to view it otherwise would mean the scope of the First Amendment is going to vary with artificial geographic boundaries....There are other issues as well...but I simply believe that people are beginning to believe that having a good orgasm is a basic right.

WCOS: only in it for the money

After months of none-too-veiled hints, Columbia radio station WCOS-FM has dropped its "progressive, underground" musical format to seek fame and fortune -- especially fortune -- in the green, green fields of country music.

"There's a lot of money out there and we're gonna get our share of it," says DJ policy-maker Woody Windham, effectively transcending some of the bullshit reasons for the switch being passed out by his subordinates. One WCOS-FM DJ was quoted to the effect that "rock is dying and we're not gonna get caught riding a dead horse". Even Windham admits that is baloney, and that money is the central -- and probably only -- reason.

"We came to the conclusion that the people who listened to the FM were simply not consumers. Our advertisers assumed that our listeners were USC students -- though I'm sure we hit a lot of non-USC students and Ft. Jackson, too -- and when the first of the year came around, our advertisers started cancelling. They weren't getting the results, and with the summer vacation approaching, they felt no need to advertise."

Since WCOS-FM decided, with prodding by Windham, to switch from straight 24-hour "easy listening" (read it, garbage) to the "progressive" (read it, something besides the usual AM droppings) last July 4, the station had flourished musically, if not economically. The playlist concentrated on Dylan, the Dead, Pink Floyd, the Allman Brothers, the Stones, the ex-Beatles, Neil Young, John Prine, etc., and was probably as good as many of the excellent big city FM stations. The music, together with low-key and infrequent advertisements, gave the station a unique sound for this area of the country.

Some question the truthfulness of Windham's argument that WCOS-FM was "grinding its wheels" economically. "Bullshit," says $1.65 per hour DJ who was fired and or quit upon learning of the July 1 switch to C&W. "They were making money on the FM, and even if they weren't, they're making enough on WCOS-AM (Top 40) to pay for four FM stations. Windham's only in it for what he can make. He used FM to promote his concerts. When that didn't work and he wasn't making enough money, he decided the hell with it. Now Windham will make money, but Columbia won't have a decent radio station."

Windham says that he is in fact greatly disappointed in the results his concerts have had in the area, and indicates he might get out of promoting them.

"I was one of the station's top advertisers," he says, "but on most of the concerts we sold more tickets out of town than we did in town, even with the advertisements."

The station has received few complaints about the switch, Windham says. "I got a lot of hassle from friends about it, and we got quite a few calls at the station about it when people first found out. But it's died down."

The lures of country music, with its waiting audiences and advertisers, is no doubt very attractive to Windham and WCOS. Currently, WCAY in Cayce is the only station with a totally country orientation, and Windham dismisses WCAY as low-rent "hillbilly" sorts. "Besides," Windham observes, "Cayce is not Columbia, and we feel there's a market for Columbia advertisers through us. And since we're 10,000 watts, we're going to pick up listeners in places like Winnsboro, Sumter and Newberry. You know there's got to be an audience out in those places for country music."

So Leon Russell, Poco, the Byrds and John Baldry are out and Charlie Pride, Waylon Jennings and Tammy Wynette are in at WCOS-FM. Free enterprise marches on.

"Personally, I like country music," Windham confesses. "And we think there's a void to fill with country music in Columbia." He didn't mention the void left for those WCOS-FM faithfuls. But after all, rock is dying. Didn't 'ya hear?

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WANTED: Used portable cassette tape recorder in good condition. Up to $50. Call 254-3893 and ask for Nancy.

LOST: Billfold near Valley Park or Five Points. Would like valuable papers back. No questions asked. Call 254-3893.

WANTED: 24-year old quitting job to backpack through Europe in late summer and early fall. Need company. Male or female, mature and independent. Call 779-5345, after 4 p.m.

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Music/AM Blues

Trash on the airwaves

". . . I made the turn, when suddenly Sammy Davis's 'Candy Man' came on the radio. I lunged for the dial . . ."

By Tom Priddy

Trying to make a left-hand turn onto Highway 291 in Greenville one day not too long ago, I found myself sandwiched in behind a huge two-axle truck whose driver was going so slowly he was obviously being paid by the hour. I was getting impatient about the slow pace, afraid the light would change before I made the turn, when suddenly Sammy Davis's "Candy Man" came on the radio.

I lunged for the dial, remembering a promise I made myself a few weeks earlier that I would absolutely refuse to listen to any song which I considered in violation of FCC principles concerning trash on the airwaves. This was one of those songs. I punched the button changing the station from WQOK to WHYZ and, lo and behold, the same darn thing was playing — and I nearly rammed into the back of the truck trying to turn off the radio.

I've never before been so jittery and nervous with the radio dial, but for some reason or another the AM airwaves have been jammed for the last two months with the worst singles I've ever heard. So bad that I can't even bring myself to listen to the worst of them. And, since Greenville has only two big AM stations (until one of them devises a plan to give the other station to the third caller from Greer) my principles have shut down the machine in my car more often than I like to think about.

Sammy Davis's "Candy Man" is more than a threat to his reputation — it's sheer sucidial foolishness. The cave man, or "Troglodyte" song is obscene banality. And the "let's get together and we can la la la na na na" or whatever it says, absolutely tops the bottom.

There are many more on my list of songs I refuse to listen to, but I refuse to write about them, too.

Some more established artists who have done well in the past are floundering now, also. Neil Young's new single, done with Graham Nash (who you can't hear) is called "War Song," and the best thing you can say about it is that it's embarrassing. The idea for the song is basically the stupidity of the nation, and the appalling bombing and mining of Hanoi. Unfortunately Young doesn't carry the theme through to an effective song. The lyrics are very simple and very, very bad. One line goes: "They shot George Wallace down, He'll never walk around."

Another bomb is "Metal Guru" from T. Rex. If you've heard the song I don't have to tell you how bad it is.

Third comes the Doors' "Get Up And Dance." The same thing has been done so many times before.

Last, but not really included in this list, is "Alcatraz" by Jesse Davis. The single is actually a very good one, but a bad choice from his latest album. There are many more songs more worthy of airtime.

There are a number of "bright shining beacons on the horizon" of pop music, or, in other words, new singles just released which could possibly make the AM stations more liveable. If you call up the stations and bug 'em they'll play 'em. That's a fact.

The first song is Stephen Stills' "It Doesn't Matter," which is an excellent song for Stills or for anybody. It's got a great guitar lick right in the center, and it's just what we need for riding down a two-lane road behind an old lady.

Another is "Lady Eleanor" by Lindisfarne. It's not from either of their two albums, and it's one of the best things they've done. "Ridge Rider" is from Judee Sill's only album, and it's a very lovely folk-style ballad.

Fleetwood Mac's "Sentimental Lady" is again not the best on their album, but good enough to do just fine, thanks.

And, of course, I'm adicted to Alice Cooper's "School's Out" even though I shouldn't be.

There are two albums from the recently released which stand out far and above the material released in the past two months or so. The first is a solo album by Lou Reed, called **Lou Reed (RCA)**. A founding member of the Velvet Underground, Reed made this album with the help of Rick Wakeman, Caleb Quaye, and Steve Howe (of Yes), and the group sounds like they've been playing together forever. What the album is, simply, is a continuation and refinement of the work Reed did with the Velvets. Since Reed was the vocalist for the now defunct group and wrote much of their material, the new solo album bears more than a touch of old Velvet.

Reed's lyrics are the most outstanding aspect of the album, and at least one song, "Wild Child," is sure to become a classic. Most of the settings for the songs occur in or near New York City, and Reed captures the city beautifully. **Lou Reed** is truthfully one of the few albums released so far this year that is an absolute must.

Also new is an old recording of the Velvet Underground from Max's Kansas City in New York. The recording is of the group after John Cale's departure, and most of the work is done by none other than Lou Reed. (Cale, incidentally, has an album of his own in the works.)

The Velvet Underground Live At Max's Kansas City (Cotillion) was recorded on a casette recorder and never intended for release as an album. It was done by a fan who wanted a personal souvenier. Timed beautifully with the release of Lou Reed's solo album, the live album is nevertheless a surprisingly well-recorded record. It's mono, of course, and carries a $3.98 list price, and it's worth every bit of it and more.

The liner notes say it might be called the first legitimate bootleg album since the recording was clandestine, but you'll be surprised at the good quality.

David Bowie has his second RCA album now available, and if you're familiar with David Bowie you could have predicted that this new album is slightly weird but generally without fault. Bowie has kept all the musicians who performed with him on his last album (except Rick Wakeman) and the group has evolved into a very competent band. **The Rise And Fall of Ziggy Stardust And The Spiders From Mars** is the name of his latest effort, and the basic difference from his last album is a fuller sounding musical complement.

Bowie's lyrics are very imaginative, as the album title may indicate, and most of the words are largely abstruse. The lyrics which are easily understandable are generally silly, even though they sometimes have hidden second meanings. Bowie may be getting a little carried away with himself, but he certainly has come right to have a swelled head.

A big disappointment is the new Beach Boys album, **Carl and the Passions -- So Tough (Reprise-Brother)**. The two-record set is one album of new material and the second is a repackaging of the 1966 **Pet Sounds**. The reasoning behind releasing **Pet Sounds** again is that it was a largely unrecognized masterpiece (which it was) the year it was originally released. However, if the Boys are worried about their work going unrecognized they've got a number of more recent albums which are almost as good, and probably even less familiar to the public.

Sunflower, from 1969, was a superb album, and one which is probably owned by fewer fans than **Pet Sounds**. Well, anyway, all this goes to point out the fact that the reasoning behind the release of this new double-album is rather uncertain.

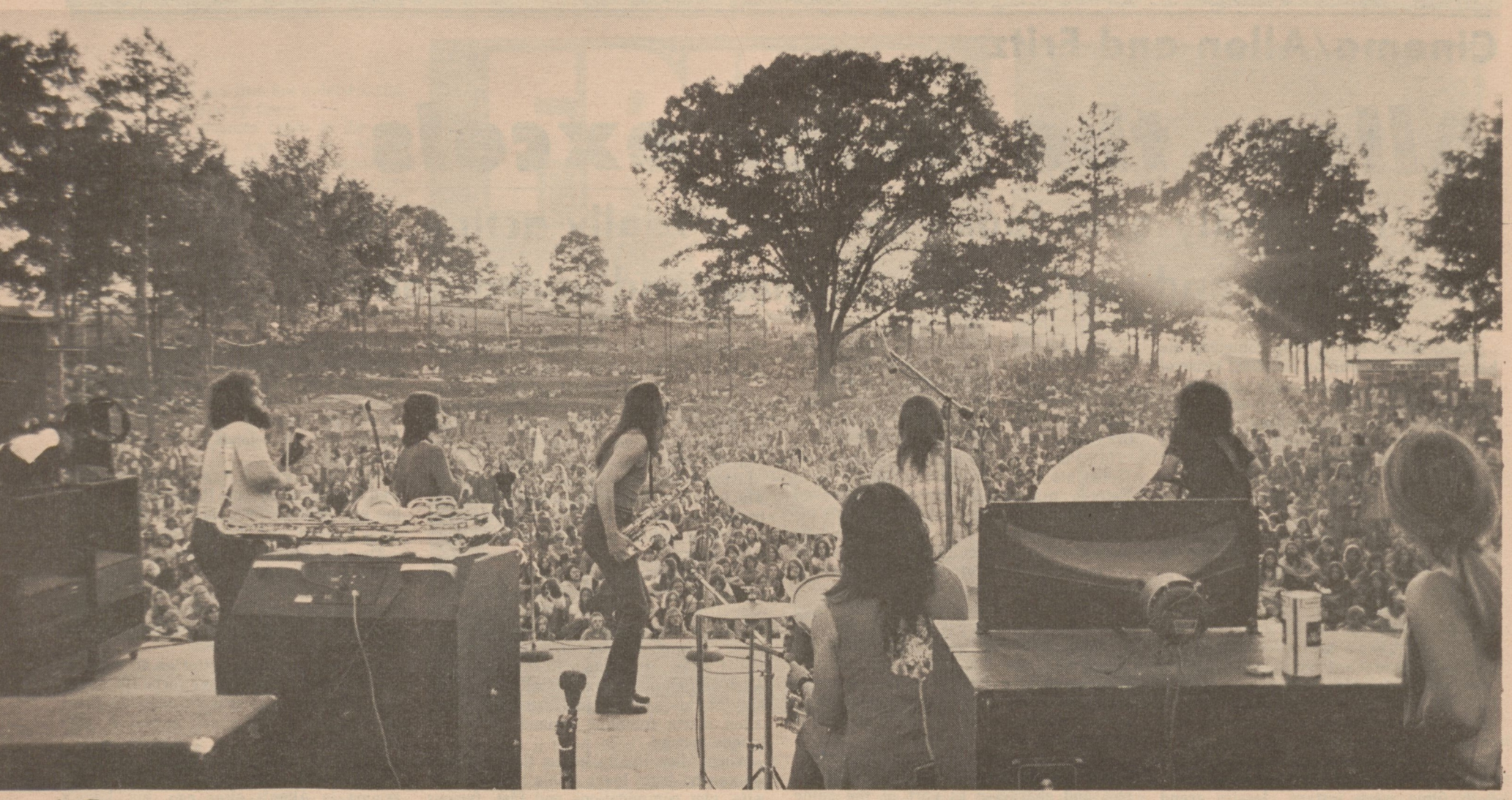
The album of new material has only eight rather short songs on it, and many of them are, by Beach Boy standards, horrible. Brian Wilson co-authored only three of the songs, and not too coincidentally, those three are the best on the album. Brian's "Marcella" is a classic piece of camp art, and the other two of Brian's songs are simply good, but not outstanding. Beach Boys melodies.

Dennis Wilson's "Cuddle Up" is a very embarrassing, slobbering piece of drivel. Most of the other cuts are hardly worth mentioning, and The Boys seem too arrogant now that they've been in Time magazine and played up as folk heroes. The **Pet Sounds** album is a nice one to have a new copy of, but I'd prefer to spend my money on **Sunflower**, instead.

A few other albums: Eagles' single, "Take It Easy" is a generally good cut, but I had certainly hoped that the album it came from would be slightly better on the whole. It isn't. I find most of the songs on **Eagles (Asylum)** rather foolish and dull. The vocal on "Take It Easy" sounds like it comes from a very inexperienced vocalist, but the redeeming factor is the musical sound quality. The performing is excellent, and the background vocals couldn't be any better, but the material is pretty slack. Jackson Browne wrote one of the songs, co-authored "Take It Easy," but aside from a touch of good imagery in the latter piece, he's going to have to do better than that. The fact that Bernie Leadon from the Burrito Brothers is a member of the group is not enough to push them over the top, and the reviewer in Rolling Stone who hinted that this was one of the best albums of the year was dead wrong.

Pure Prairie League is the first album by a group of unknowns, and in the field of country-rock music it's better than the last Poco album, and hints that even greater things can be expected from them. (RCA)

Mississippi Gambler (Atlantic) is another fine Herbie Mann album, slightly guitar-oriented, and of course, with a completely different band than the one he recorded with last.



Once upon a cow pasture

by Mike Forth

It's hard to imagine why anyone would choose to stage a country-rock music festival in the middle of a cow pasture in Seneca, South Carolina. I mean Seneca isn't exactly the music capital of the world, for rock or for country music. The whole idea sounded crazy.

Perhaps it was due to the fact that it did sound so crazy that approximately 7,000 people rode, cycled and hiked to Seneca last Saturday. I'd estimate that a good 5,000 of those people stopped at the filling station on Highway 59 to ask for directions to the ranch. Considering that, I think the attendant displayed an admirable amount of patience when he told me in a cordial tone, "Bout a stone's throw down the road, left on the first tar and gravel road, and ya' can't miss it." He was only wrong on one count.

I was wondering just how far that attendant could throw a stone when the first group was finishing up. They told me later that the name of that group was Joshua, and they were "a real good rock 'n' roll band." I wouldn't really know.

When I drove under the sign that read, "Charlie B. Ranch", wound down the dirt road to the outdoor arena, and parked in the high grass of the field, a group called Jade Coffin was already on. And when I finally stumbled from my car, tripped down the hill full of dried mudholes and rocks, and plopped myself down next to a pile of hard manure in the dell, I had probably missed about half of their show.

It was the fantastic facilities that first took me by surprise. There, in the middle of nowhere, were concession stands, four huge makeshift restrooms labeled "Bulls" and "Heifers", and probably the most well-constructed outdoor stage I have ever seen.

Either the lead singer for Jade Coffin was good or the heat had really warped my sense of taste. While his backup band left a bit to be desired, he seemed to know what was up when he said, "If the Lord's got you, sing church songs; if it's the devil, you sing the blues." I thought he sang sort of like a cross between early Cocker and Stewart, but it was probably just the heat that was getting to me. It was unbelievably hot. In fact, when a friend pointed to a Seneca Mortuary tent in back of us and said that it was where they were going to bury the people that died of sunstroke, I almost belived him.

It was shortly after that that the big MN beckoned, so I snatched up my notebook and headed up the hill. After all, what would a review of a outdoor music fest be without a word or two on the Bull's room? Except for the fact that there was NO toilet paper and the seats were rather crudely sawed, it wasn't too bad for the Bulls, but I can imagine that the Heifers might have gotten a splinter or two in their hind quarters.

About the time some guy handed me his box of "Crackin' Good" Pecan Crunchies, I noticed that the music was starting to get really good. The sound that really captured my attention was coming from a bearded guy playing flute and sax in a group called Marshall Tucker. But, when that guy backed away from the mike and let the rest of the band take over on the instroomentals, there were more interesting things to do than listen to the musak.

Several announcements were made from the stage to the effect that the crowd was infested with narcs. It had even been announced the day before the concert that no less than 50 narcotics agents would be policing the crowd. Yet, the strong smell of something that wasn't quite like cowshit seemed to indicate that, just maybe, the narcs couldn't make. Anyway, no one missed them.

The first really unbearable intermission came when Marshall Tucker went off the stage. Even an hour and a half of recorded Dylan was a little hard to take in that heat. It was during that break that I noticed an interesting exchange between between one really-ripped guy and a girl who was presumably some sort of Jesus freak. She approached him and handed him something that appeared to be a tract. He took it and stared at it for a couple of minutes. Then he pulled out a goatskin bottle from under his blanket, handed it to her and said, "Take a damn swig of that, baby, and you'll think you're in heaven again." And she did.

But then there were some sadder moments too. Like when the girl up by the Heifer's room turned to address what appeared to be a tree, and said in a whining voice, "My face is all spotted with green spots. I've lost my bra and my underwear, and I've got to get back to go to church tomorrow."

Fortunately, the recorded Dylan was finally interupted by a live band. Unfortunately, the live band was Cactus. It seems that they are very into featuring band members in solo performances, which isn't altogether bad I suppose, except when a guitarist tries to pass off irritating feedback for music? Now that is bad.

When Jerry LaCroix & White Trash came on to the announcement, "We got a group here that gonna knock your socks off", I prepared myself for a letdown. When the lead vocalist (not to mention pianist, organist and alto saxist) for any great band leaves to become "a star", you'd expect their sound to change. In short, I thought Edgar Winter would be sorely missed.

But I was wrong. Winter's weird, wild voice no longer wrapped around the music and the tempo was about half of what it used to be, but White Trash still delivered a really professional sound. From Floyd Radford's outstanding lead quitar work right on down to Mike McLellan and his mighty trumpet, they were fantastic; good right down to the cowbell.

It was right about then that I decided I couldn't contain my cruiousity longer. I had to speak to Charlie B., promoter of the concert. Envisioning him as some sort of Max Yasgur of the South, I meandered through the crowd to interview him at the rear of the stage.

Charlie B. is Charlie B. Stansell. A tall, thin, sun-darkened man, he talks with a twang that lets you know that he is about as country as they come. He even answers questions in a country manner; not always, and sometimes never, getting to the point, but maintaining a friendly tone of voice while speaking through an ear-to-ear grin.

When asked why he decided to stage the concert on his property, Stansell replied, "Well, I'm not new to the entertainin' business...I started the Chicken Shack 10 years ago. That's a dance place here in Seneca...No alcoholic beverages...Then about three years ago, when the drugs came along, the attendance started dropping off. It went from about 600 back then to about 300 a week now.

"And we've had this 100-acre ranch for about three years. We've got a few cows and we grow some things, but lately it hasn't been goin' that good...There wasn't any way you could make more money off this pasture so we decided to have this thing...I guess you could say I'm in it mostly for the money."

"Did you get as many people as you expected?"

"Yes. No. Well, we didn't expect this many. We wanted to get at least 4,000 to break even. Last time I checked we can collected over 6,000 tickets at the gate so we're well above that."

"What do you think about the people here that are using drugs and smoking marijuana? I mean does this bother you? Are you worried about what the neighboring people might say about this whole concert?"

"I don't care what they say. I'm rough. I'm tough enough to take it. I mean I'm 38 years old and when I was the age of these kids we had the peg briches, and the slick hair and the country music, and the cloggin' and so on. Now they have the drugs...We had one of them flip up a while ago. They carried him to the hospital, but he's back now, out there someplace listenin' to the music. He's all right."

"Do you plan to have any more concets here in the near future?"

"We sure do, but we're not going to have anything but country music. Bluegrass music really. Bluegrass is what it's called."

The sun had set and it was getting dark when Goose Creek Symphony finally showed up to bring the first real bluegrass music of the day to that pasture. When they came onstage, they were about as well-lit as the spotlights that illunimated the stage.

I really got off on Goose Creek. I closed my eyes and tried to imagine what it was going to be like on July 1 when WCOS-FM radio station changed over to completely country music in Columbia. I saw Goose Creek's whole crazy group marching down Main St. with everyone in Columbia standing there listening. To the fiddlin' of "Rush on Love" I watched the reaction of the people very closely. First, I noticed their toes start twitching, and then their feet all started stomping at the same time. And, then, all in unison, their lips all parted and they all joined in with a "Do dibby-yibby-dibby yoo da doo." And I watched myself, with a tear running down my cheek, just starving for a little bit of good ol' rock 'n' roll. But, no. To tell you about would be to subject you to a fantasy. And it just isn't nice to subject a reader to one of them.

Besides, Main St. of Columbia just wouldn't have been the place for Goose Creek. The place for them was right there in that pasture. The cowshit and the free, open space and the tall grass and the free feeling it gave you inside were all a part of them. It just wouldn't have been the same anywhere else.

As I left that dell in my litte green bug, and rumbled on down that dusty road, I thought to myself, "Wouldn't it be nice if you could just leave them there so that you could go and visit them whenever you wanted to just get loose and get away from it all?"

Cinema/Allen and Fritz

Allen the actor excels

". . . He hardly ever looks like he is really acting. He is too natural and real -- as a physical and verbal joke . . . "

Woody Allen is a very funny comedian. He has been blessed with an excellent sense of comic timing, a limber body capable of being twisted into a myriad of positions, and a rare ability to write truly funny dialogue.

His face is a rubber mask, willing to be turned into a thousand faces at a moment's notice. His shock of red hair only accentuates the clown's role he is always content to play.

Allen has gained quite a reputation as an actor and writer and director with a string of critically successful films. "What's Up, Tigerlily?" was one of the weirdest flicks made during the crazy '60's. Allen erased the soundtrack from an old Japanese detective flick and wrote his own dialogue--a nonsensical tale of a stolen egg-salad recipe.

In "Casino Royale" he imbued a chaotic flick with some good comedy and presented quite a characterization as a madman bent on destroying the world. He then wrote, directed and starred in two excellent films--"Take the Money and Run" and "Bananas". Both films were instant classics--grand comedies in the style of Chaplin and the Marx Brothers.

Allen seems to delight in recreating one special character. Like Chaplin's Tramp, Allen's character is a man at odds with the world. Both men are physically humorous, totally uncoordinated, and easily paniked by the raging stupidity of an insane world.

In "Play It Again, Sam", Allen has perfected his role with his creation of Alfen Felix--a man guided by his respect of Humphrey Bogart's acting ability. In his previous efforts, the character was presented too chaotically--almost in a series of incidents instead of a continuously flowing plotline.

Perhaps one of the reasons Allen is so successful in this piece is that it did stand as a solid dramatic piece on stage. A playwright has one advantage over a screenwriter--even after the original presentation of a play, a playwright can still go back and revise any material he feels is awkward on stage.

As writer-director of the two previous films, Allen hadn't been able to present his plot and character as part of the same whole. These highly episodic films gained more in comic effect from their pseudo-documentary look than from the total effect of the plot and dialogue.

In short, Allen lacked control. Unlike Chaplin, he is a poor film editor and designer. He is a genious--no question about that--but he has yet not perfected his art.

In his new film, "Play It Again, Sam", Allen presents Allen Felix, a movie critic who is deeply depressed by his divorce. His friends, Linda and Dick, encourage him to try to cope with his new situation and "score with chicks".

What follows is a series of dates with weird and kinky women. Allen tries hard to score, but, as usual, he always manages to screw up everything. A record jacket, a freaky nymphomaniac, and a demanding Hell's Angel are enough to thwart any of Allen's attempts to make it with the young lady of the evening. And, as usual, when Allen starts fumbling around, plenty of laughs abound.

When Allen finally learns that the only woman he truly loves is his best friend's wife, plot complications and fast, furious jokes lead the howling audience to an impossibly funny ending.

Allen always seems at home with his character. He hardly ever looks like he is really acting. He is too natural and real--as a physical and verbal joke--to ever really act. Strangely, though, he always seems perfect for the role. He belongs to the film--no one else could do it.

As a film, "Play It Again, Sam" holds up well because of several things going for it--the excellent performances of the actors, Allen's script, and Herbert Ross' direction.

The five major characters in the film--Allen, Bogart, Linda, Dick, and Susan--are played by Allen, Jerry Lacy, Diane Keaton, Tony Roberts, and Susan Anspach. With the original Broadway cast in their old roles, the film is an assured success.

Allen comes across better as an actor in this film than the previous efforts. He moves with great comic stealth and deserves great priase for al all-round excellent performance.

Lacy, as Humphrey Bogart, gives a strange aura to the film. Of course, this Bogart is Allen's alter ego, but Lacy's physical and oral appearance is uncanny--he is Bogart.

Diane Keaton is the real surprise in the film. The role of Linda is beautifully created--she must be Allen's dream-woman.

Allen has perhaps created one of the best woman's roles in an American comedy. Keaton is presented as a woman--not a female character or sex object. She is a distinctively defined character possessing real-life traits. Such a characterization of a woman in today's society--even the insane society of Allen's vision--is rare.

Keaton performs with great aplomb in her first major film role. She is both a beautiful woman and a great talent--capable of producing some fine comic moments without losing any poise or intellect as a human being. She is very fine, expecially in her "dinner-date" scene at Allen's apartment.

Tony Roberts does a fine job as Dick--an entrepreneur more intent on cornering Wall Street than paying attention and appreciating his wife--a woman who loves him genuinely.

Roberts is tough enough to be a believable "establishment" cog in the gearshift of big business. But, he is also able to portray a deep friendship with Allen.

What is most remarkable about the central corps of actors is just how well they work together. Allen, Linda, and Dick actually seem to be three good friends who form a weird, unexpected romantic triangle. Allen, Keaton, and Roberts know how to portray friendship believable--giving the film a touch of true personal sadness which works perfectly to produce a fine ending.

Anspach, Jennifer Salt, Joe Bang, and Warhol superstar Viva give fine performances as the women in Allen's life. These four women present an unpleasant picture of womanhood--being used for more for comic effect than for building a case for Allen's (the character's) feelings toward women.

Allen (the real person, this time) has produced a remarkable screenplay. Supposedly, the situation is based on actual fact.

Through the pages of Playboy Magazine, Allen has oft painted himself as a notorious, scandalous lover--an image he frequently tries to nurture. In real life, however, he has been divorced twice. His second wife, Louise Lasser, appeared in "Bananas" after the decree was final. Indeed, some of their comic interchanges in that film increased in humor because of their real relationship.

But the wife in the film seems to be of a different type. She is presented as an ungrateful woman--rescued from jer job as a waitress--who rides off on the back of a Honda with a cycle freak. Some of Allen's

Continued (Next page)

best jokes in this new film are indeed sexist. But they are also very funny.

Then, he also presents Linda as the only person capable of caring for Allen's problems. Linda--in spite of herneuroses--is the sanest and happiest person in the film.

Perhaps, one of the devises he uses which best enhances his play is using Humphrey Bogart as a mentor. Bogie has a certain image among film fans--a tough lover, a frightening gangster, a sardonic alcoholic--he played all the great roles and left his own indelible touch to thrill audiences and critics for years.

Allen carefully nurtures our picture of Bogart. He and director Ross very carefully show us Bogart--in one of his most important scenes from one of his most important movies--then give us the Lacy impersonation (a very fine one) and allows Lacy's Bogart to expand our image of the actor, until his very words become an important means of solving all problems nobly.

Allen has written some of his best deadpan lines for this film. His characters speak some of the best screwball lines since "Bananas". Allen, of course, comes across better than anyone--but, because of a carefully nurtured public image of him, this is best for the plot and character development.

His dialogue runs the gamut from "wisecracking" to high comedy, with generous portions of slapstick and "dirty jokes" thrown in to tickle everybody's funny bone.

Ross deserves honorable mention for controlling Allen a bit. In his own films, i.e., those he directed, Allen was too chaotic to produce a totally satisfying unit. He previously work has been disjointed--just above falling into complete chaos in spots.

Ross has controlled these previous excesses of wit. In doing so, he has received a much more polished performance from Allen the actor. In fact, Allen has never been better than he is in "Play It Again Sam". His performance must surely rank with Chaplin and Groucho Marx at their best.

Perhaps, though, Allen should have directed the film. Even though it is his best work, it still doesn't carry his personal touch. Somehow even the embarrasing excesses are better than a totally controlled performance.

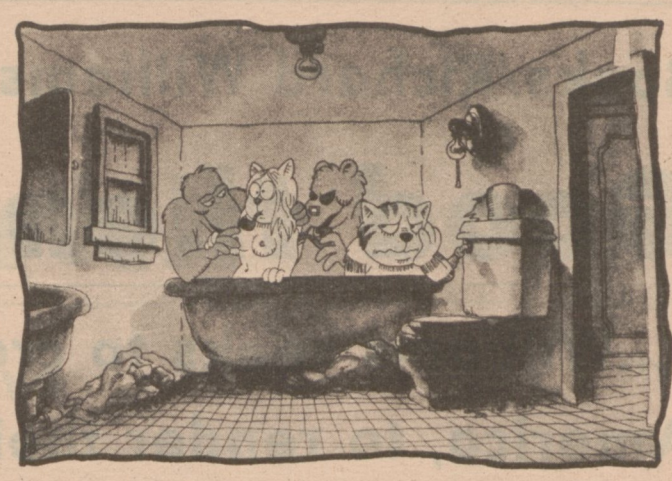
Besides, Allen as director is always a mind-boggling experience. He may have paced the film a bit more quickly. Its only major flaw is a slowness during the middle which almost borders on stodginess.

Still, most fans appreciate Allen any way they can get him. He is the only comedian that a movie audience can trust to give them--with each new film--a rousing two hours of entertainment.

Allen is always fresh, topical, ribald, and humanly funny. With "Play It Again, Sam" he has drawn on a truly American myth of a media-created personality and taught some valuable lessons for nostalgia-crazed movie buffs (and other 'serious" persons): Life is "still the same old story a fight for live and glory."

Older movie fans may remember that amazing last scene from "Casablanca", but for my money -- Allen has created a Bogart I can cherish forever.

michael smith



Reviewing the Reviews

by Jerry Griggs

In the course of reviewing movies one particular question frequently arises. After mulling over the performances, mentally re-enacting a few of the scenes to evaluate their effectiveness or lack of such, after peering through the plot and carefully considering the direction of the film (assuming it has one), that single question remains to gnaw at one's opinions, to weaken resolve and generally frustrate the reviewer. For after all that preparation and careful study it remains to be asked--why?

Certainly, people read reviews...I think. At least, they must--almost all the "big" magazines and "big" newspapers carry them regularly. Someone must read them, but why? Do they really influence any opinions? Change thinking? Move mountains? Leap tall buildings at a single bound? Of course not. Unless one is really famous, quoted regularly in ads and eagerly listened to by studio heads who court your opinion, one may as well scrawl that opinion on bathroom walls in syllables of four letters or less.

Why do people bother to read reviews? Not for what is said, unless it is used to back up an opinion already **held**. Bad reviews seldom overcome the influence of a determined advertising campaign. Reviews do nothing toward affecting the poisonous outpourings of an industry which repeatedly pollutes the media.

Here we have a small-time reviewer who spoils all movies for himself by keeping his critically open when they were best left blissfully closed to the inanities of the screen -- who then sits up to small hours of the night composing (oh, how carefully we compose) sentences and paragraphs expressing opinions sometimes best left unuttered -- who must speak when he would prefer to remain silent -- must, when truly moved by a scene bastardize it and nearly spoil it by attempting to describe it in one-dimensional words of a paragraph or less -- who then sees these uneffective little droppings spread all over a newssheet, a canary, more often a barn-owl, whose cage linings are distributed for the edification of the multitudes.

And people actually read these guano-stained pieces of paper and think that they have gained something? The worst of it is not those who read and then forget, but those who accept these second-hand opinions as their own. Worse still than they are we who write, for God help us we must enjoy it, passing judgement on another's work -- not merely judging it in private, or discussing it with friends and acquaintances, but broadcasting it, shoving it in the face of the world.

The result of all our handiwork, we minor critics in out of the way places? A sense of self-pride and satisfaction at a review well written, mingled with and "sicklied o'er" with self-pity and the shame of a second-hand artist.

I've had a hard time assimilating my thoughts for this review; there are many different points I want to discuss. Bear with me.

Sexism: Before I saw "Fritz" I went over to see my friend Sunstar. "Sunstar", I said, "I don't want to see 'Fritz the Cat'. Every review I've read has called it sexist, and that's going to make me mad; and the theater will be full of supposedly enlightened long hairs who won't even notice the sexism, and that's going to make me more mad; and everyone will talk for weeks about how good it is and when I try to make a point about how it insults women they'll call me hysterical and that will make me durious; can't I just ignore the whole thing?"

Sunstar said, "Fred, the movie isn't sexist, its about times that were sexist, and it makes fun of those times. Besides which it is real goddamn funny. Go see it."

Yes, the movie is making fun of the sixties, and it's a narrow (and highly silibant) view to all the sixties simply sexist. Our hero Fritz is also self-centered, self-conscious, status-seeking, idealistic, excitable, horny, and Groovy. We identify immediately. We've all been there. We all tried so many roles: Carnaby St. plastic mod, back-to-the-earth macrobiotic Zen, big-city tough sensitive poet folksinger, even short-haired bullet-belted anarchist politico. It's hard not to get all mushy and nostalgic. Everyone was looking for a whole-life system, the roles of the revolution were so secure. An excellent subject for parody.

Audience: It's hard to underestimate even long-haired masses, and those people could have just been going, "Far out, a movie about me!" After all, peole did giggle any time someone on the screen lit up a joint and didn't you think we had outgrown that?

There's no telling how most people saw the movie. But then again the tone of the movie itself changed quite a bit. A lot of it was pat-on-the-back grooviness--the treatment of policemen for instance (real pigs--ha ha), who were stupid and clumsy, and the very effective depiction of the effects of various kinds of dope. Some of it was gentle fun-poking, like the way everyone was impressed with blacks ("If I were a crow, man, then I could dance! -- but I guess couldn't ride the bus."), or the great scene at the beginning with Fritz and his friends standing around with their guitars arguing about who's the most sensitive. But some of the movie is surprisingly vicious and violent--there's a lot of real blood, a lot of real characters being hurt or killed. How is a typical audience member supposed to take all this?

Digression on minority movies: Five years ago movies were made for everybody. Now there seems to be a trend toward aiming films at particular audiences; for example, at the Atlantic Twin "Fritz's" box office had attracted a long line of young, white freaks, and "The Legend of Nigger Charlie" next to it had a long line of hip black exec types. Age, color, finances, grooviness, all pre-figured. The good side to this phenomenon is that it can mean better movies--aiming to please everyone results in blandness (remember TV), ethnic movies can be more daring, more sensitive, and more effective. The bad side is that they can also be a lot more manipulative--look out especially for anything aimed at guilty white liberals. Big bucks movie companies are unscrupulous.

I have no conclusion on this, it's just something to think about.

What "Fritz" was trying to do: I have no idea. I can't fit the violence in--it's not consistent. Fritz, stoned and rampant, is standing on a car in Harlem, doing the crows a favor by telling they're oppressed in meaningless rhetoric: the crows think it's funny, and we think it's funny. The bumbling pigs show up and cause a scene, and the crows surround them ominously; they cower and shake and say, "Mama, I don't want to die!" -- and it's still funny. Then one of the pigs gets hit with a bottle, blood spurts and he begins shooting: it isn't funny anymore, it's horrifying, and the audience hasn't had the least preparation. Fritz's car breaks down in the desert and a farmer with a truckload of chickens stops to help him, a funny hayseed type in a rattly red truck. The chickens scrawk and he orders them to stop; when they don't he beats them to death with a board with a nail run through it. A trucklod of bloody chickens. What is the purpose of this? Why the sudden mood changes?

There may be several reasons. Perhaps it's self-conscious black comedy, an assault on the audience: "You gools think it was all fun and games, take this, ha ha." If that was the point I don't think it's valid; we don't need to be lectured to, we saw the violence as it happened, and that doesn't mean the good times weren't good. Perhaps it's an attempt at imitating Crumb's perverse violence--but his is not bloody but sexually sadistic, and it began to developing after the Fritz comic books, and it is set in a mood of perverseness that the movie is not.

No, I think the reason the mood is so inpredictable is that the director had no idea what he was doing.

The film itself: Adapting from a comic book to an animated movie should be simple--the comic is already set up in visual and dialogue form. But wherever Bashik could blow it he did. For instance, there is no transition between scenes. The seperate Fritz incidents are not connected at all--even when they are in the book. And there-s no pacing at all: the scene where the revolutionaires are beating Harriet the cow was so long I had to hide my eyes and found it impossible to get involved in the movie again; yet a really well-done scene such as the view of the crow bar isn't nearly long enough to be satisfying.

There are good things in the movie, though. The colors, for instance, are excellent, and the music is very good though I wish the lyrics had been more intelligible. Harriet the cow is much more developed than she is on paper, and needless to say I got very involved with her, she's an excellent character and a fine cow. The crow in the green suit who befriends Fritz is also very well done, and his death scene is one of the most touching things I've seen on the screen.

frederica green

Books/Richard Williams

Good then, better now

"...Williams seeks to create 'characters from middle-class America, to render their innermost feelings into statements'..."

by Dale Alan Bailes

I have had the pleasure of reading prose and poetry by Columbia's Richard Williams for ten years now, beginning when I received several bizarre satirical stories from him when I edited **Crucible** at the University of South Carolina. When these were published, he began sending in poems. He was a good poet then; he has devoted the last several years to becoming better. And he has cultivated his sense of the bizzare in his poetry.

The poems in this chapbook are monologues in which Williams seeks to create "characters from middle-class Ameria, to render their innermost feelings into statements with which they address the abysm in themselves." For the most part, the characters are neurotic, obsessive people--a woman in prison for strangling some people contemplates how beautiful her hands used to be and how much people used to admire tham; a man moves from one hotel to another attempting to escape the serpents that always show up in his windows; another man has converted his apartment's radiator into a physical and mental love object.

The subjects involved with other individuals are no better off. In "The Way It Is," a husband laments over the games he must play to keep his wife happy:

I do not understand my wife, but she has
told me
it is not my privilege to question her. She
has even
said that this is her love for me, that she
loves me very
much, and cries sometimes that I will
leave her, even
as she is standing on my body in a pair of
snow-skis
pretending I am a mountain slope, and
screaming "Fore!"

My favorite poem is the least surrealistic one, "Monologue of a Man of Seventy Years." Having grown tired of "ageing friends who click the gold in their teeth and move in death," he now waits in his room for the mail that will bring his check. With the check, he decides:

...I will buy a plastic flower
and a real flower and watch the two draw
dust.
I will put the real one in my Bible when it
turns
brown and fold it into my pillow and then
sleep
until it is whole again.

Suburban Blues is imaginative, and it is disturbing. It is interesting to see where Richard Williams' sense of the bizzare has led him; I'm glad that I didn't have to make the journey myself.

SEX ENERGY: The Sexual Force in Man and Animals
by Robert S. de Ropp
Delta Books, 236 pages, $2.45
Reviewed by Frank Cantrell

Robert S. de Ropp's **Sexual Energy** is a two-part study of the force behind the reproductive act.

The first part of the book provides a voyeuristic trip through the Wild Kingdom where the reader is introduced to the variety and intensity of mating activities among the animals. The theme is that described by Whitman in his lines: "Urge and urge and urge, Always the procreant urge of the world, ...Always substance and increase, always sex..."

Constant as the urge is, however, its manifestations are protean. The author shows us fleas sharing the passions of their hosts, whales copulating in mid-air, antelope coupling on the run, and the female preying mantis devouring her spouse while he strives, one supposes, to satisfy her. The details are fascinating.

The second half of the book deals with humans, and it differs greatly from the first. Part I is biological, part II, historical.

In it, the author attempts to trace the origin of the guilt, shame, and perversions which man has attached to the sexual act. He finds the church, particularly that of the Middle Ages, the villain. Again a poem comes to mind, this time one by Wallace Stevens who describes "disaffected flagellants, well stuffed, who ...may...whip from themselves A jovial hullabaloo among the spheres."

It is, in fact, precisely this monkish practice of self torture which de Ropp sees as a model for future sado-masochistic practices. He goes even further and finds the birth of virtually all perversion to be in the repressiveness of the church.

Ultimately, howver, the argument of this section seems trite and unconvincing. Few would deny that the church has done much to pervert the normal flow of sex. Stevens 1922 poem is itself evidence that no one needed to wait for de Ropp to reach this conclusion.

Even worse, however, is the author's tendency to see pagan rituals, including even the immasculatory excesses of the Bacchanalia, as good, clean fun compared with Christian perverions. This smacks of special pleading. Finally, the two sections tend to fall apart. Presumably, the first is intended to show just how widespread and powerful the procreative urge is as a preparation for what follows. Instead, however, it remains an independent entity.

Whatever its logical flows, though **Sexual Energy** is good reading. It could be described as a book about the birds and the bees--but one in which the birds are sometimes mallards who commit casual rape, and the bees are impregnated queens who themselves perform violent acts of immasculation.

Perhaps this itself suggests that our problems go far deeper than the author suggests. The force de Ropp disucsses is mysterious and awe inspiring. His answers are inadequate, but he does well to remind us of the mystery.

"...being a creature of God..."

Continued from page 6

would hate to say that I gained my livelihood from the sale, publication, or distribution of this kind of material. I just can't understand these people.

OS: Do you feel that pornography leads to sex crimes?

CHANDLER: We have talked to professional people -- we've talked to psychiatrists -- we've talked to ministers that deal in family and human relations -- we've talked to people that have talked to people who were involved -- and my personal analysis ... is that there is a very definite link in many cases between hard core pornography and sex crimes.

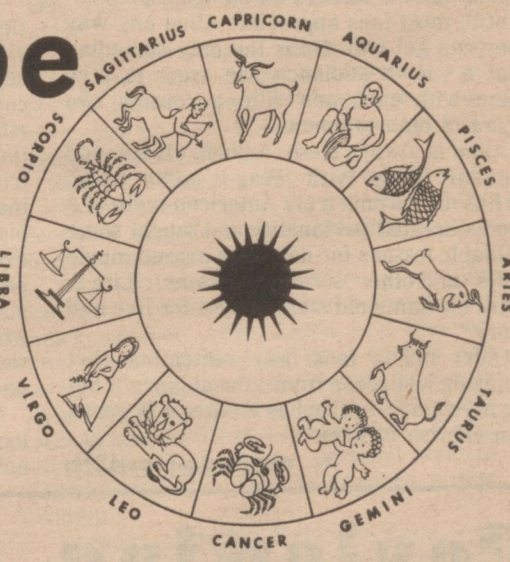
You know, there are pros and cons on this matter. We hear one group of people who say this has no effect on people whatsoever. But let's put it this way, I can take a group of materials, or I can go to a movie where there is much sex displayed, and being a creature of God, I'm stimulated. But I have a legitimate outlet for my sex drive under the marriage vows. Let's put it this way, suppose there is someone who possibly has some sort of mental imbalance or mental hangup, and he is subjected to this material. His sex drive is stimulated. He comes out of the movie house he's gone to or he comes out of his home ... and his sex drive is put in gear and is revved up, and he has no legitimate outlet for this. What can happen? One of two things. He either turns to a female companion of like mind, or possibly, if he has a mental imbalance or hangup somewhere, and sees a good-looking young lady -- or female of any description -- at the particular time, it could very well be that these materials trigger him, and here's a forcible rape. Or it could be that he plays himself or the homosexual elements. To my way of thinking these things can happen, and I believe they do happen in a good percentage of cases. Here again this is my opinion, and I have no facts and figures whatsoever to back me people in the community on my stand. It possibly has cost me financially in some areas. But I still believe that right is right and wrong is wrong, and until I'm convinced that its not wrong then I'm going to remain on the course I am on. This is my philosophy, and this is the way I intend to keep going.

OS: Many people feel they have the right to purchase these adult materials. How would you respond to the point of view that sexually explicit material, like liquor for instance, is sold only to consenting adults who wish to purchase it.

CHANDLER: If the liquor stores depended on me to give them business, they'd fold up.

...The majority of people have just remained silent too long. They say wait and let Tom do it, or wait and let George do it. I've been highly criticized -- now I'll not pull any punches -- I've been highly criticized by a number of

Horoscope



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Theatre/Children of Darkness

Golden turns the trick

"...For this play, the Workshop players give some of the best performances of the local season..."

by Mike Smith

Ever read "As You Like It" or "She Stoops To Conquer"? Ever thought that Shakespeare and Jonson and Sheridan just weren't as funny as your professor insisted they were?

Most English Lit students have trudged through Shakespearian or Restoration comedies without cracking a smile. Plots seem a bit silly, puns are archaic, and topical allusions are meaningless. These plays usually involve foppish gentlemen in powdered wigs who huff and puff in the King's best English and clowns dressed colorfully with few tricks of humor.

With a good cast and a competent director, these plays can come to the stage with a flash of kinetic energy,ribald comedy and shrewd characterizations. Good productions are rare, however, so these comedies are hard to come by--they're too big a risk for actors and directors alike.

Thus when Columbia's Workshop Theatre announced plans to produce one of these plays--a little-known work titled "Children of Darkness"--no one rejoiced.

"Children of Darkness" is a "period piece" which, on paper, would fit the typical formula. The play would be no more than a hopeless tangle of words and stage directions--flat, tedious reading.

But director Harvey Golden and a finely polished cast brought that energy, comedy, and characterizations to the stage and--with these ingredients--have produced a rousing sky-rocket of an evening.

The play details the events in a 24-hour period at Mr. Shap's living quarters in the Newgate Prison. Shap is the jailer who will rent out his rooms to any prisoner rich enough to provide some possibility of financial gain for the services.

When the play begins, Count La Ruse and Jonathon Wild are living with the jailer and his daughter--the lovely Laetitia. Both father and daughter are preying off their guests' confinement.

Snap has an interesting arrangement with both gentleman--separately of course. With La Ruse, he constantly plots to extract as much money as possible from Wild--a gangster with many connections which should be tapped before he is executed. With Wild, the crafty jailer robs the Count of many costly and dear objects.

But the unscrupulous Snap one more trick up his sleeve to insure loyalty from both men--he alone knows when they are to meet their executioner. And he teases the two unmercifully with this information.

The daughter Laetitia is playing only one cat-and-mouse game. She is vying for the attentions of the Count--hoping to secure his freedom in exchange for the Count's title.

A third lodger moves in--a young poet named Cartwright--and complications build. Through some witty dialogue, clever plot machinations, and several unscrupulous deals, the play ends happily for nearly everyone.

The dealings of Snap, La Ruse, and Wild bring some great comic moments to the play, giving it the air of a Three Stooge comedy. The three men are crafty; they must be watched carefully. Their niggling is a great battle of wits.

The romantic plot is a pseudo-serious, male chauvinistic love affair involving in intellectual moron (Cartwright), a fiery woman, and a suave, demanding fop.

For this play, the Workshop players give some of the best performances of the local season. Six principle players give solid performances to make the wordy-silly portions of the original play sparkle with life.

The play almost belongs to Tom Tobin as Count La Ruse. Tobin is masterful as the cocky count who is uncertain over his love for Laetitia even though he appreciates her physically. He is brash and conniving, but he is also enough of a poet to realize that the Snap household is composed of "Children of Darkness".

Tobin struts through the play in grand style. He dominates the other characters without ever getting in their way.

Lee Herbert as Lord Wainwright--a fourth visitor--steals the show by best capturing the spirit of the times. Herbert was coaxed back to the Columbia stage after a 15-year absence to supply a wonderfully comic characterization full of wit and scorn. Indeed, he fits so snugly into his role that he seems perfectly at home in his powdered wigs and rolled stockings. Herbert presents the perfect English gentleman--proud, stuffy, demanding.

Lou Kaplan as Snap and Don Steele as Wild give good performances to round out the group of crazies who dominate the action in the Snap household. Kaplan's Snap is the biggest crook who ever slept in Newgate Prison. He is flamboyant yet exudes a Uriah Heap humbleness which injects even more humor into his best comic lines. Steel is equally effective as the cowardly, conniving Wild. His performance is very close to Bert Lahr's portrayal of the Lion in "Wizard of Oz". Steele is controlled, yet he is able to portray a genuine sense of panic in Wild.

Vicki Neal is the only woman in the cast. As Laetitia, she holds her own against a troupe of good male performers. According to La Ruse, Laetitia is a woman who could "bear an entire kigndom and not feel a maternal thrill."

Neal as Laetitia is indeed a liberated woman who knows how to tease and love. She proves herself to be a worthy match for both Snap and La Ruse. Neal, with her brassy language, her flirtations, and even the careful tosses of her head helps give a deeper substance to the role.

As Cartwright, the young poet, Ray Elmendorf is both virginal and honest. As the only honest person living in Shap's quarters, Elmendorf presents the poet as a delicate piece of porcelain--something to be handled carefully.

Director Golden has always brought interesting theatre to Columbia viewers, even though "Children of Darkess" isn't as modern or as controversial as other plays he has directed at the Workshop.

But any director who can make "period" comedy enjoyable on stage deserves a special standing ovation. Golden has done quite well with this "straight piece of theatre."

Golden has the uncanny good sense of making "Children of Darkness" a quick delight. By carefully editing the original script. He puts his cast through some fast pacing. The actors have responded well--giving a rousing production which swiftly drew draws the audience along with the action.

His greatest triumph is his handling of actors. He has managed to unite a cast with great talent and he has used this talent to bring a pulsating beat to a very difficult play. Quite wisely, he allows Neal to present Laetitia as a modern woman--wise to her personal needs and aspirations as a person, not just a woman.

"Children of Darkness" is probably one of the strangest plays to appear at Workshop Theatre. It is straight, conventional theatre without any clever stage directions or gimmicks or events thrown in to make the production look flashy or clever.

It is "head-on" comedy with some interesting characters, a wild plot, and a deep understanding of human nature. Golden and his troupe have gone to great pains to present this theatre experience.

Oddly, what should have been the driest production by the Workshop this season has turned into a surprisingly pleasing production--proving once again that good actors, clever directors, and snappy dialogue can work a certain kind of magic with an audience.

And that's a nifty trick, indeed.

"Children of Darkness" recently completed its run at the Workshop Theatre.

cola

Upcoming events in the Columbia area

Concerts

THE STYLISTICS and the Staples Singers will appear at the Carolina Colisium July 8.

THE OSMONDS will perform at the Carolina Colesium July 17.

LEON RUSSELL will perform July 18, at the Carolina Coliseum. Russell's show is a rate treat since he does not tour the South often. Ticket information is incomplete.

IKE AND TINA TURNER bring their hot rock and soul act to Atlanta on July 1.

URIAH HEAP will be in concert July 19; at the Sports Arena in Atlanta. Also appearing on the same show, John Baldry.

RARE EARTH will appear July 18 at the Atlanta Municipal Auditorium.

PROCO HARRUM will appear July 13, at the Sports Arean in Atlanta. All seats are reserved and are $4.50 in advance. Send self-addressed envelope to Howard Stein Entertainment Inc., P.O. Box 7930, 30309 Atlanta. Certified check or money order only.

ROD STEWART AND FACES will appear in Atlanta along with Three Dog Night on August 20. No tickets are on sale yet.

BADFINGER, a rock n' roll group promoted by the Beatles, will give a show August 3, at the Atlanta Municipal Auditorium. Cactus is also on the same show.

THE ALLMAN BROTHERS' BAND, one of America's foremost musical acts, has scheduled shows at the Atlanta Municipal Auditorium, August 30 and 31 at 7:00 p.m.

THE 1950S ROCK AND ROLL REVIVAL is set at the Atlanta Municipal Auditorium on July 15 at 8 p.m. Stars are BILL HALEY AND THE COMETS, CHUBBY CHECKER, THE COASTERS, GARY U.S. RONDS, FREDDIE CANNON AND BOBBY COMSTOCK AND THE COMSTOCK, LTD.

Drama

THE WORKSHOP THEATRE summer festival presents three plays and nine movies running through the summer. "You're a Good Man Charlie Brown," directed by Cynthia Gilliam, will run July 7-12 & 23-26, August 5-9, 19-23 September 2 and 3. A simultation presentation of two plays directed by J.E. Quick. "Sorry Wrong Number and Zoo Story will run July 17, 18 and 19, August 1, 2, 14-16, and 28-30. Movies every Thursday and Friday night begin July 13 and end September 1. The movies are: "Morgan", "The Collector", "A Man For All Seasons", "The Seventh Seal, "Hallalujah", "The Hills", "Kind Hearts and Coronet", "Black Orphesus", "Uules and Jim", and "Shoot The Piano Player".

Books

THOSE GREAT MOVIE ADS by Joe Morella, Edward Z. Epstein and Eleanor Clark. The media, methods and advertisers. Arlington House, $14.95

DR. SPOCK: BIOGRAPHY OF A CONSERVATIVE RADICAL, by Lynn Z. Bloom. His strict parents, development as a child care expert, antiwar activities. Bobbs-Merrill, $10.

E.E. CUMMINGS: THE MAGIC MAKER, by Charles Norman. Biography based on papers and correspondence. Bobbs-Merrill, $10

DARK HORSE, by Fletcher Knebel. Novel about a man chosen to replace a dead presidential candidate. Doubelday, $7.95

I HAVE MORE FUN WITH YOU THAN ANYBODY: A GAY MEMOIR, by Lige Clarke and Jack Nichols. A gay couple, both ex-columnists for Screw, describe their recent lives and backgrounds. St. Martin's, $5.95

PARTIES: THE REAL OPPORTUNITY FOR EFFECTIVE CITIZEN POLITICS, by John S. Saloma III and Frederick Sontag. Explanation of how party politics work with recommendations for citizen action. Knopf, $7.95

MAGOG, by Andrew Sinclair. Novel about power and corruption. Harper & Row, $7.95

HOT SPRINGS: THE TRUE ADVENTURES OF THE FIRST NEW YORK JEWISH LITERARY INTELLECTUAL IN THE HUMAN POTENTIAL MOVEMENT, by Stuart Miller. His early life, experiences and disillusionment at Esalen; discovery of God. Viking. $7.95

ONLY ONE EARTH: THE CARE AND MAINTENANCE OF A SMALL PLANET, by Barbara Ward and Rene Dubos. Commissioned by the UN for its Conferences on Human Environment. Norton, $6.

NOT EXACTLY A CRIME: OUR VICE PRESIDENTS FROM ADAMS TO AGNEWby Richard Curtis and Maggie Wells. Lives, personal quirks, and deaths of the Vice Presidents. Dial, $4.95

HITLER AND THE BEER HALL PUTSCH,by Harold J. Gordon. Analysis of Hitler's direction of revolution in Bavaria in 1923. Princeton University Press, $8.95

DAMNED WELCOME: AESTHETIC REALISM MAXIMS,by Eli Siegel. Maxisms and aphorisms plus line drawings. Definition Press, $2.95

PAUL CUFF: BLACK AMERICA AND THE AFRICAN RETURN, by Sheldon H. Harris. Biography of one of the few free black men in America in the early 19th century. Simon & Schuster, $3.95

THE MATINEE IDOLS, by David Carroll. Heroes and heroines of the stage, silent screen and movies, with photos. Arbour House, $3.95

OUTSIDE THE LAW: A THIEF'S PRIMER by Bruce Jackson. An English crimiologist's rendering of the live of a professional criminal. Duton, $2.95

PRISON, by Leonard J. Berry. Based on interviews with prisioners and captors throughout the country. Grossman, $4.95

VENERAL DISEASE: A PRACTICAL HANDBOOK FOR PREVENTION AND CURE,by Vernal Cave, M.D. Instruction, illustrations and a glossary. Hart, $1.45.

RECLAIMING AMERICA: UP THE UMZIPOPO RIVER AND OTHER ADVENTURES ALONG THE POLITICAL TRAILby Allard K. Lowenstein, edited by Robert Sam Anson. American politics in the '60s and predictions. Saturday Review Press, $1.95

Cinema

PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM--Woody Allen's homage to Bogart is a wild romp through some legendary areas. Diane Keaton, Tony Roberts, Viva, and Jerry Lacy head a fine cast of actors who know quite a lot about comedy. Now Playing, Carolina, 252-8011. Highly recommended.

STAND UP AND BE COUNTED--begins June 28, Gamecock I. Wacky Women's Lib farce stars Jacqueline Bissett, directed by TV's Jerry Paris. Be wary.

LATE SHOWS--The Palmetto Theatre has the following films scheduled for Friday and Saturday night late shows during July: June 30-July 1, "Strawberry Statement" with Kim Darby and Bruce Davison is a good film about student revolution and pig retaliation. 7-8, Roman Polanski's brilliant "Rosemary's Baby" with excellent performances by Mia Farrow and Ruth Gordon. 14-15, the Beatles are back with "Yellow Submarine". Pay close attention to Eric Segal's screenplay this time. The man has a way with pad puns. 21-22, "Joe" with Peter Boyle returns to haunt us. A horrifying flick. 28-29, the Rolling Stones, Airplane, and Ike and Tina Turner take us to Altamont for some horrible pictures of the Woodstock Nation. A great social document on film and America from Britian's Bad Boys.

PORTNOY'S COMPLAINT--Richard Benjamin, Karen Black, and Lee Grant in a bowlderization of Philip Roth's richly comic novel. Benjamin as an 15-year-old onamist should be just wretched. Begins June 30, Fox, 254-5212.

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF--Norman Jewison's typical Hollywood musical version of Broadway's longest running play ever. Academy Award winner. Starts June 30 at Jefferson Square, 254-7631.

CABARET--Liza Minnelli, Joel Grey, and Michael York in a rousing version of the hit Broadway musical from a few seasons back. The best musical in 50 years. Now Playing, Gamecock Theatre.

WAR BETWEEN MEN AND WOMEN--stars Jack Lennon and Jason Robards in a rather poor adaptation of Thurber stories. Receiving bad reviews everywhere. Begins June 28 at Plaza III, 254-7960.

SNOOPY, COME HOME--another cartoon from Schultz with the whole "Peanuts" gang. Their lat flick was great. Begins June 29 at Richland Mall, 782-2228.

WHAT'S UP DOC?--Barbra Streisand and Ryan O'Neal star in Peter Bogdanovich's tribute to Howard Hawks--a screwball comedy about identical suitcases in San Francisco. Starts June 30 at Palmetto, 254-5800.

Clubs

A AND N CLUB located at 522 Gervais St. Live entertainment, beer, and dancing.

THE GALAXY CLUB offers live entertainment, beer, and dancing. Located at Dunbar Rd. in West Columbia. Phone 794-9863.

THE ODYSSEY CLUB on 1404½ Gervais St. Dancing and beer. Phone 253-9365.

THE BOX presents various live music acts, beer, and dancing. Located on Rosewood Drive. Phone 256-9294.

SOHOX PLACE, LTD.,located in Downunder Columbia, features Molly Reilly singing folk songs 5-8 p.m. and a D.J. will play records from 8 p.m. until. Pvone 254-4430.

KING ARTHUR'S on 725 Broad River Rd. offers live entertainment food and drink. Classy. Reservations preferred. Phone 772-9289.

THUNDERBIRD RESTAURANT AND LOUNGE, located on I-26 at St. Andrews Rd. The Rich Boyd Trio will appear nightly. Phone 772-6470.

THE BRIG features Don and Kay Duo with Dave Johnson on trumpet. Located in downunder Columbia in the Arcade Mall. Free wine for the ladies. Phone 256-1422.

MY APARTMENT LOUNCE on U.S. 21 N. features the Notables. Food and beverages. Phone 754-1525.

THE SWAMP ROOM on 4502 Devine St. presents the Patchwork Trio nightly. Beer and dancing. Phone 782-6525.

Specials

THE PLANTARIUM at the Columbia Science Museum, presents "Signs in the Sky." Shows are on Saturdays only at 2:30 and 4 p.m.

COLUMBIA ART MUSEUM present "Museum Finds" during July. Part of the show is a potpourri of paintings. Another is of Oriental influence. Also an African collection from Bambara is the feature sculpture exhibit.

New and recommended

SCI-FI — "Eternity," a new international magazine of speculative fiction, headquartered in Sandy Springs, South Carolina, has just published its first issue, dated July 1972.

The magazine contains the works of Philip K. Dick, Barry Malzberg, Edward Bryant, Roger Zelazny, Andrew J. Offutt, and other well-known science fiction writers, and includes an opinion piece by DC's Green Arrow-Green Lantern script writer Denny O'Neill, and artwork by well-known sif illustrator Jack Gaughan and others.

Subscription rates are $3.50 for 1 year (4 issues). Fiction payment rates are 1 cent per word; 10c per line for poetry (Editor Stephen Gregg says his greatest need currently is for s-f related poems of varying length.)

Send all correspondence to P. O. Box 193, Sandy Springs, S. C. 29677.

FEAR AND LOATHING IN LAS VEGAS -- Hunter S. Thompson's brilliantly prophetic vision of the Apocalypse is now in hard-back editions. This novel -- which first appeared in two issues of Rolling Stone Magazine at 60c an installment -- is the only work written in 1971 which genuinely grappled with those experiences commonly known as 1972. A dynamite piece of genius. Highly recommended. Available at Capital News Stand.

Mechanic's Co-op offers customers a chance to encounter their machines. Phone Brian Isaacson (253-6313), Tucker Clifford (256-6587), or Gary Schmidt (256-6103) for information or working arrangements. Save some money and learn about your auto. See "Cheap Shots" in this issue.

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The case against a volunteer army

Continued from page 1

of them (the Fort Jackson average) enlist, then the yearly enlistments would not be 200,000 men but about 250,000. But even the 200,000-man figure may be difficult to obtain.

Although exact statistics are not available, a precursory examination of the Army's VOLAR experience at Fort Jackson produces some interesting figures. According to Major Cox and Lt. Col. Davis, prior to the change-over in VOLAR recruitment tactics, only about 50 per cent of the volunteers participating were found acceptable. And while the recruiter-performed examination prior to coming to Fort Jackson has greatly increased the number of men found acceptable, if one uses the 50 per cent acceptability figure as accurate, then the recruiters themselves are examining approximately 200 applicants -- weeding out 100 -- in order to produce 100 qualified men who will journey to Fort Jackson and participate in the program. The Army figures indicate that 81 per cent of these men finally enlist -- which means that out of 200 "raw" volunteers, 81 or 40.5 per cent are finally enlisted through the pilot program, with approximately 19 choosing not to enter the Army.

Should these figures hold true for the other five VOLAR centers under consideration -- and the South, as stated previously, has been credited with the highest rate of voluntarism in the nation -- then over 493,800 "raw" volunteers would be required to produce the 200,000-man minimum, and about 620,000 to produce the Defense Department's figure of 250,000 voluntary inductions per year.

These figures can be compared with the Army's voluntary enlistment rates over the past ten years to produce several tentative conclusions. Although statistics for those years comparing the number of raw volunteers examined to those actually enlisted, are not available, voluntary induction rates for those years are available.

If the assumption is made that the rate of voluntary induction was no more in the years prior to the pilot volunteer program than it is under VOLAR (and obviously, if the volunteer rate was greater, serious questions arise as to the program's usefulness) -- then the amounts of raw volunteers necessary in those years can be projected along the lines of VOLAR's 40.5 per cent induction rate.

In the pre-Vietnam build-up years of 1960, 1962 and 1964, the numbers of volunteers inducted were 102,000; 127,000 and 116,000 respectively, which projected on the basis of 40.5 per cent enlistment rate would require approximately 251,850 raw volunteers in 1960; 313,580 in 1962; and 286,420 in 1964. When the Vietnam build-up began, the number of men volunteering increased, due either to patriotic fervor or the fact that volunteers have more control over assignments and are less likely to end up in combat. In 1966, 170,000 men were inducted through voluntary enlistment, requiring 419,750 raw volunteers under the VOLAR projection. In 1968, at the height of the war, 199,000 volunteers were inducted, requiring 491,350 raw volunteers. By 1970, with de-escalation underway, inducted volunteers dropped to 177,000, requiring 437,030 raw volunteers.

What do these figures mean? If the basic assumptions are correct, then at no time during the period from 1960 through 1970 did the Army's voluntary enlistments reach the 493,800-man raw volunteer figure the VOLAR pilot project indicates is necessary to produce the minimal number of 200,000 voluntary inductees per year.

It might be argued that during those years, Army pay and fringe benefits were lower, but consider two factors. First, the 40.5 per cent induction rate under VOLAR has been presumably achieved at least partially through the use of pay and fringe benefit incentives. And secondly, the only raw volunteer figure during the 60's which even approaches the 493,000 raw volunteer figure necessary to obtain 200,000 recruits was achieved at the height of the Vietnam War. Assuming peaceful times will again visit the United States -- and even accounting for the possible population increases (don't forget the WW II baby boom is over) -- the prospects of VOLAR's success do not appear to justify the statements of "unqualified success" issued by the Army.

Cox

Just where the Army is going to find the large numbers of interested volunteers is one of the main concerns of Sens. Edward Kennedy, D-Mass., and Fritz Hollings, D-S. C., and, quite surprisingly, Selective Service Director Curtis W. Tarr.

All three men feel that the all-volunteer Army is going to have to draw its future volunteers from a select group of citizens -- blacks, poor people, and the poorly educated.

Kennedy and Hollings argue that an all-volunteer force relying on high pay scales and better living conditions to entice America's youth into its ranks would recruit only minority-group Americans. Both point to Army statistics which indicate non-whites are re-enlisting at twice the rate of white Americans.

"In the first half of 1971, even with the continued risks of Vietnam, the reenlistment rate for black was 40 per cent, while for whites, it was 21 per cent," Kennedy stated on the floor of the Senate.

Kennedy also quoted a study by the Air Force Human Resources Laboratory which noted that: "Compared with the draft-motivated enlistees, the self-motivated enlistees were less well educated, came from a lower socio-economic background and performed less adequately on ability tests."

Hollings, as early as 1969, voiced disagreement with the all-volunteer plan for just these same reasons. Tarr also echoes this concern.

Writing in the current U. S. Naval Institute Proceedings, Tarr says, "Absence of the draft causes increasing numbers of blacks to be taken into service, which many Americans would consider to be unfair to both blacks and whites."

Tarr also urged an improved means of recruiting better educated men. Tarr points out that even among "true volunteers", there was an "alarming loss" of men in the highest mental category.

He also feels that the Army must actively seek out men who--on the basis of tests-- are in the top two mental categories -- especially among the minority groups.

Blacks and other minority groups serving as the nation's "cannon fodder" is not the only charge critics level at the all-volunteer Army concept. The absence of the affluent in the Army's ranks and the failure to spread the risk of death evenly among all strata of American society will, according to Kennedy, eliminate the incentive of middle - and upper-class America to question the validit-of wars.

"Only when the Vietnam War was opposed by the affluent of this society", says Kennedy, "did the anti-war movement become politically legitimate."

Another major objection to an all-volunteer Army is that it will become a professional Army and, in some minds, a mercenary force. The Army would become, according to these critics, a closed society where exposes such as the My Lai affair would never be released by men whose entire careers are in the hands of the Army.

Other critics fear that an all-volunteer force would lead to a breakdown of civilian control over the Army. With middle- and upper-class citizens unconcerned about conditions in the Army, they would be more apt to overlook conditions and involvements going on there.

When death tolls in Vietnam were at their highest and draft calls were equally high, many people who proposed the all-volunteer force were branded "radicals." Now, with the Commander-in-Chief actually working toward such a goal, these same "radicals" are studying earliest results and finding them impractical.

Maj. Cox said the Army Selection Center program will cost a little over $1 million for its six month run. According to the Major, this is "cheap" when compared to the $1.5 million cost of one Chinook helecopter. The problem with the analogy is that the cost of the VOLAR pilot program will be immeasurable if the Army tries to foist the doctored statistics off on the Congress as proof positive that the all-volunteer Army is a workable concept.

In terms of dollars and cents five more centers would cost a few million dollars, but this isn't where the real expenditure will come.

The real expense will be seen after 1973 when the all-volunteer Army could find itself short staffed or predominately black. The country will, in the absence of any pressing military emergency, fail to notice anything is wrong and continue to allow the poorest and most uneducated of the country do its dirty work or the exact opposite could occur - a military coup.

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